

THE SUPREME COURT

OF THE STATES AND PROVINCES OF NORTH AMERICA.

This work is intended to embrace each State and Territory of the American Union and Province of the Dominion of Canada, and to contain a historical sketch of the Supreme Court, prepared by the Chief Justice or some member of that bench, or of the bar, under his supervision and direction, with sketches and portraits of the Chief and Associate Judges, and sketches and portraits of former judges of that Court.

It will be published in separate series, embracing two or more States in each, and when enough are thus completed the first volume will be issued. Series No. One, embracing the States of Texas and Kansas, and Series No. Two, embracing New Jersey and Oregon, have been issued, as an appendix or supplement to the **MEDICO-LEGAL JOURNAL**.

The historical sketch of Texas is from the pen of ex-Judge A. S. Walker of that bench. That of Kansas is by the Chief Justice, Hon. Albert H. Horton. That of New Jersey is by Francis B. Lee, Esq., of the Trenton bar, and the historical sketch of the Court of Chancery of that State, by S. Meredith Dickinson, Esq., of Trenton. Judge C. H. Carey, of Portland, was designated by the then Chief Justice, Hon. R. S. Strahan, to prepare the sketch for Oregon. The illustrations embrace portraits of the present and ex-Judges, the Chancellor and Vice Chancellors, also of the Court of Chancery in New Jersey, and Justices and ex Justices of the Court of Appeals in Texas. The sketch of Alabama is from the pen of ex Judge H. M. Somerville, of that bench. Chief Justice Bleekley, of Georgia, designated Charles Edgeworth Jones, Esq., to prepare the historical sketch of that State, and Mr. Russell Gray, of the Boston bar, has been designated to prepare the sketch of Massachusetts. Judge A. L. Palmer, of the bench of New Brunswick, is the author of the historical sketch of that Province, and able writers of the bench and bar are preparing sketches of the court and judges for future publication. The Supreme Bench of Michigan has designated Mr. Ralph Stone and Mr. H. D. Jewell, of Grand Rapids, to prepare the historical sketch of Michigan and the sketches of the bench.

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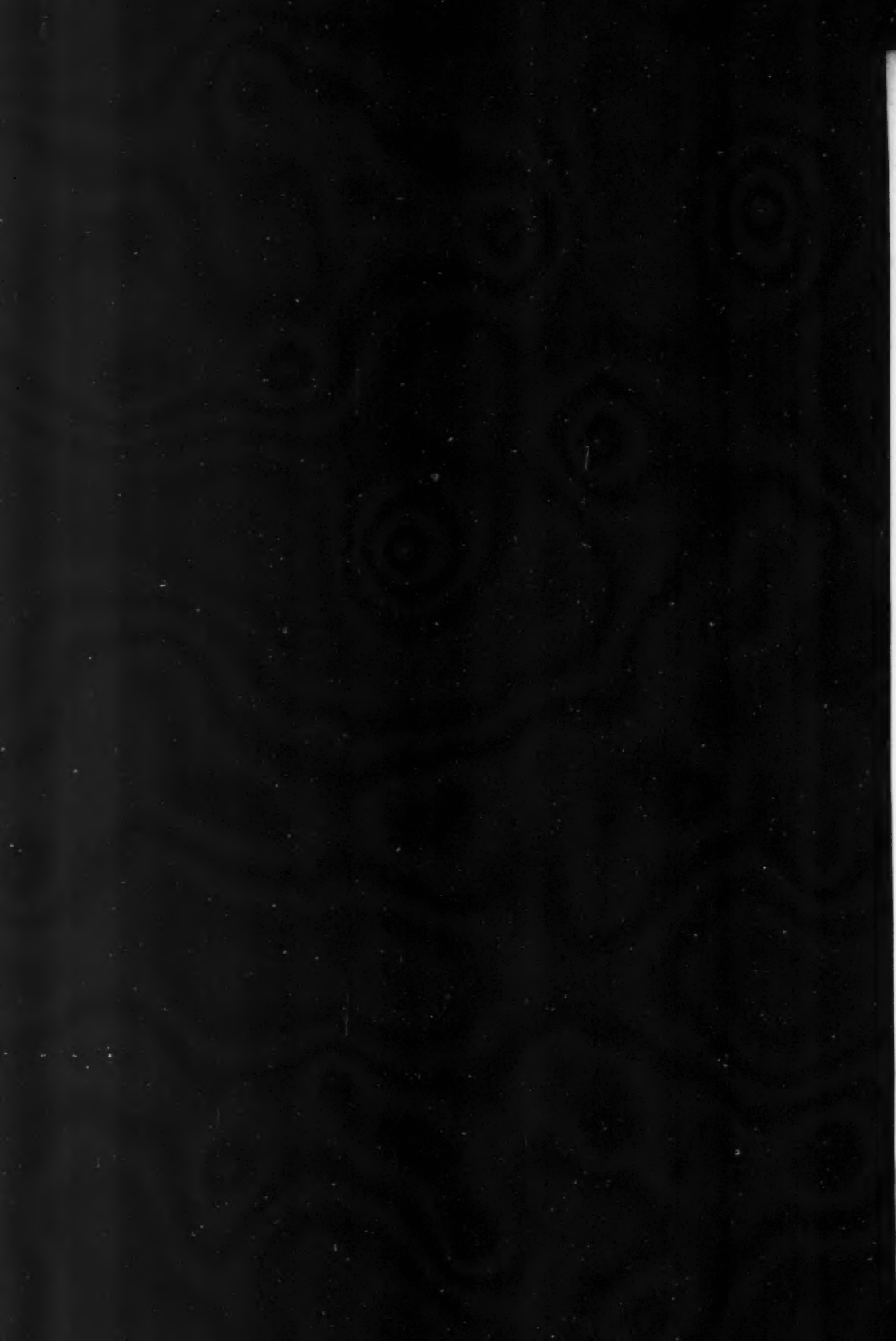
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WHEN SWALLOWS BUILD.

THE wakening earth with ecstasy is thrilled,
And gladness tunes the note of every
bird ;
Yet in my heart strange memories are
stirred,

When swallows build.

I miss those fragrant flowers the frost has
killed,
Which bloomed in blushing beauty yester-
year ;
And songs of bygone Springs I seem to
hear

When swallows build.

My soul is faint with longings unfulfilled
For happiness I never yet have known,
But which I fondly yearn to call mine
own

When swallows build.

So deem me neither sullen nor self-willed
If in the Spring I sing no song of glee,
But hang my harp upon a willow tree
When swallows build.

My Summer sonnet shall be duly trilled,
My Christmas carol and my harvest
hymn ;
But let my lips be dumb, mine eyes be
dim,

When swallows build.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.
Temple Bar.

TO SPRING.

SWEET Spring ! with shy, soft eyes of
heavenly blue !
The wild winds whispered : " She is coming
here !"
And laughed aloud for joy ; grey skies grew
clear ;
The violet woke up to welcome you.
The wan gold primroses all wet with dew,
Along the mossy margin of the mere,
Shone out in starry clusters, and anear,
A tangle of white bloom, the wildfire grew.
Now you have come. I hear in murmuring
streams
Your musical low laugh, as silvery sweet
As the lark's singing in his rapturous
dreams.
Where violets are thickest, there your feet
Have lately passed. I see your azure eyes
Smile in forget-me-nots and radiant skies.
Chambers' Journal. ALICE FURLONG.

FOLK-SONG.¹

(From the Old French.)

WHAT shall one do if Love depart ?
I sleep not night nor day ;
All night I think of my true love,
Him who is far away.

I got me from my restless bed,
And donned my gown of grey,
And went out through the postern gate
To the garden at break of day.

I heard the bonny laverock then,
The nightingale did sing,
And thus she spake in her own speech,
" Behold my love coming.

" In a brave boat up the Seine River,
Wrought of the pleasant pine ;
The sails are all of satin sheen,
The ropes of silken twine ;
The mainmast is of ivory,
The rudder of gold so fine.

" The good sailors who man the bark
Are not of this country ;
The one is the son o' the king o' France —
He wears the fleur-de-lis ;
The other's the son — but what care I ?
My own true love is he."

Public Opinion.

¹ From "Verse-Tales, Lyrics, and Translations,"
By Emily H. Hickey. Mathews & Lane.

TO —

(At seventeen).

You were a child, and liked me, yesterday.
To-day you are a woman, and perhaps
Those softer eyes betoken the sweet lapse
Of liking into loving : who shall say ?
Only I know that there can be for us
No liking more, nor any kisses now
But they shall wake sweet shame upon
your brow
Sweetly, or in a rose calamitous.

Trembling upon the verge of some new
dawn
You stand, as if awakened out of sleep,
And it is I who cried to you " Arise !"
I who would fain call back the child that's
gone,
And what you lost for me would have you
keep,
Fearing to meet the woman of your
eyes.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

From The Quarterly Review.
LITERARY DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT.¹

FEW more romantic incidents have occurred in literary history than the recovery during the last few years of historical and other documents which men had learned to consider as hopelessly lost. It has revived the hopes and expectations and also the exhilarating excitement, with which the scholars of the Renaissance ransacked the libraries of Europe in search of unpublished and lost classics, to find ourselves presented successively with one work after another of the first importance, hitherto known only from references and citations in other writings. To recover Aristotle's treatise on the Athenian polity, to be in a position to realize what an entirely fresh field of humor and of literary skill the ancients possessed in such poetry as the "Mimes" of Herondas, and to be able to read the forensic compositions of Hyperides, second only to Demosthenes as an orator—this has been an experience which few men would have thought possible a few years ago. Yet here they are available for us all. The precious documents have been preserved to us by the dry air of Egypt; and when we think of the reckless and destructive digging which has been done in that country for generations by ignorant men whose quest was for gold and other precious material, and who cared nothing for black rolls of illegible manuscript, we can perhaps measure the terrible losses which have been sustained. We can only hope that much still remains intact, and that the surprises of the last two or three years in

this respect may be repeated. It is not, however, to these treasures of Greek literature that we wish to draw attention. The soil of Egypt has recently disclosed to us literary matter of even greater interest, which has the promise of unlocking for us riddles of a much older and more intractable character, allowing us to peep down the vista of primitive history with a clearer vision, and thus to secure a more defined horizon for what has been hitherto very dark and chaotic.

Among the most promising of these discoveries is the very unexpected and the very important recovery of a long and elaborate inscription in Etruscan characters and the Etruscan language, now in the museum at Agram, on the wrapper of a mummy. When deciphered this inscription will enable us to solve one of the most obstinate riddles of historical science. We may discuss it on another occasion. At present we have to do with another discovery whose importance has been widely recognized among scholars.

When we try to pierce the clouds that hide from us the beginnings of human civilization and culture, we are presently remitted to two channels, where alone we have at present anything like adequate light. Human history, when we trace it back far enough, gradually condenses itself into the history of the two peoples occupying the valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates. Which of these civilizations is the older it is not possible to say. In neither case have we yet found anything like a beginning. On the contrary, to judge from both, it would seem as if Athene, the inspirer of human art and culture, was never at school, and never passed through the apprenticeship of patient learning, but came out of Jove's head ready equipped with all her panoply. Of course this was not so, but at present we have no means of tracing out or analyzing these beginnings, and we have to commence our story in the very midst of things.

While this is so, it is obviously a great gain when we can by any process build a bridge across the gap separating the histories of the two peoples just re-

¹ 1. The Tell el-Amarna Tablets in the British Museum, with autotype Facsimiles. Printed by order of the Trustees. London, 1892.

2. Der Thontafelfund von el-Amarna. Herausgegeben von Hugo Winckler, nach der Originalen autographirt. By Von Ludwig Abel. Berlin, 1889-1890.

3. The Tablets of Tell el-Amarna relating to Palestine in the Century before the Exodus. Letters to Egypt from Babylonia, Assyria, and Syria in the Fifteenth Century B.C. Correspondence between Palestine and Egypt in the Fifteenth Century B.C. Letters from Phenicia to the King of Egypt in the Fifteenth Century, B.C. By Prof. Sayce. "Records of the Past," New Series, vols. II., III., V., and VI.

ferred to. They run for the most part separately. Their arts, their religion, their manners, their language, their physical surroundings, are very different, yet at times they are linked in a supremely interesting way, and the tie enables us not only to check our chronology, but also to illustrate mutually the two strange and strangely enticing pictures.

It is such a new bridge which recent discoveries have enabled us to make in a very definite and interesting manner by the discovery of a long correspondence between two kings of Egypt and their contemporaries and dependents in Mesopotamia and Syria. The two kings of Egypt in question were Amenhotpu III. and IV., who are usually known as Amenophis III., the Memnon of Greek story, and Amenophis IV., and they belong to the eighteenth dynasty in the scheme of the Ptolemaic historian, Manetho. The period of the eighteenth dynasty marks the highest level of Egyptian power and prosperity, when some of its most notable and stupendous monuments were erected; and in the national traditions it fills a great place, not only because it was founded by the famous Pharaohs, who drove out the hated foreigners—the Shepherd kings who had so long dominated the country—but because of the successful foreign wars they prosecuted, and the consequent prestige they secured. The chronology of the dynasty has been approximately fixed by the recent researches of Dr. Mahler and others. Dr. Mahler has shown on astronomical grounds—and his calculations are generally accepted—that its most famous king, Thothmes III., mounted the throne on the 20th of March, 1503 B.C., and reigned till the 14th of February, 1449.¹ This enables us to fix approximately the date of Amenophis III. at about 1430, which agrees with the date as calculated from the Babylonian side, since Asshur Yubahlidh, the contemporary of Amenophis IV., is generally dated about 1400 B.C. So much for the date of the correspondence.

¹ See "Zeitsch. für Aegyptische Sprache," 1889, Band xxvii. 103.

Amenophis III. married, *inter alia*, a certain Thi or Tii, the daughter of two people who, on a royal scarab, are respectively called Iuaa and Tuua. She was a remarkable person, and there have been many conjectures as to who she was. Some have argued that she was a native Egyptian, others that she was a Libyan; others, again, that she was a native of Syria or its borders. This latter view is supported by several considerations: thus Tuya is the name of an Amorite in one of the letters we are discussing, while Toi was king of Hamath in the time of David (2 Sam. viii. 9).² Perhaps she was a native of Mitanni, a kingdom situated east of the Euphrates, and to which we shall revert again, which view is supported by the fact that the King of Mitanni sent special messages to her in his letters. There is reason to believe that she introduced into Egypt a new worship,—namely, that of Aten, who has been identified by some with the Hebrew Adonai and the Syrian Adonis. It was a form of sun-worship, and consisted in the adoration of the solar disc, or perhaps rather of the solar rays as the active principle of the sun's energy. Mr. Petrie assures us that he has found a tablet at Tell el-Amarna where Thi is represented alone and paying her devotions to Aten. It is curious that the district of Mitanni was known in later times as Beth *Adini*.

By his wife Thi, Amenophis III. became the father of Amenophis IV., one of the enigmas of history, whose strange features, as represented in many bas-reliefs, have rather the appearance of a caricature than of a portrait. Meagre to a degree, with projecting chin and hollowed cheeks, his face proclaims him of mixed blood. Mr. Petrie has recovered many representations of him in his diggings. He became a devotee of Aten, and presently changed his own name from Amenhotpu to Khuenaten, i.e., "The Splendor of Aten." His change of re-

² Maspero says the tomb of Titi which occurs in the Valley of the Queens at Thebes, and which has been identified as that of Thi, belongs to a queen of the twentieth dynasty. (Guide au Musée de Boulak, p. 96.)

ligion led to an open breach with the powerful priesthood of Thebes, whose great god Amen was now treated with some indignity, and his name was erased from the public buildings. Presently Khuenaten determined to move away entirely from the old capital, where the prestige of the old gods was too great, and to build himself a new capital altogether. This he did on the eastern bank of the Nile, about one hundred and eighty miles south of Memphis, and he called it Khu-aten or Khu-en-aten. There he built himself a palace and temples, and his great officers excavated themselves tombs. Its ruins still remain, and Wilkinson gave them the Arabic name of Tell el-Amarna.

It was there that four or five years ago a number of clay tablets were discovered, covered with cuneiform inscriptions, some of them made of Nile mud. In his recent excavations at Tell el-Amarna, Mr. Petrie has recovered some additional fragments of tablets and also some rough pieces of clay in process of manufacture, showing that some at least of them were made on the spot. Those which had been addressed to Amenophis III., as we learn from a docket in Egyptian attached to one of them, had been removed from the Record Chambers at Thebes when Khuenaten changed his residence.

The tablets were for the most part broken into fragments by their Arab discoverers. About three hundred and twenty pieces altogether have been recovered. Unfortunately they have not been kept together. The larger number, viz., one hundred and sixty, but mostly in a very fragmentary condition, were secured by the Berlin Museum. About eighty, in a more perfect state of preservation, were obtained by the zeal and exertions of Dr. Budge for the British Museum. About sixty are in the Gizeh Museum, and some others are in private hands. What is curious and interesting is that a detached tablet, fitting into the series and perhaps actually lost when *en route*, has been found at Lachish in Palestine by the officers of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

Not long after the Berlin Museum acquired its tablets, their texts were brought out in a useful and careful edition by two young Prussian scholars, Hugo Winckler and Ludwig Abel. Translations and commentaries upon them have been published by Sayce, Halévy, Zimmern, Erman, Delattre, Jensen, Lehmann, Winckler, and others. The publication of the texts in the British Museum has been delayed from several causes, but we at last have them before us in an edition which does great credit to its officers, Dr. Budge and Dr. Bezold. Not only are the texts published, but we also have photographs of a number of the tablets, and abstracts of all with most ample indices of names, and Dr. Bezold has since published a separate work analyzing their grammar and language, in which the texts are transliterated.

The tablets, with some most interesting exceptions, are written in Babylonian characters and in the Babylonian language, and a special interpreter and scribe, who knew that language and the writing, lived at the Egyptian court and interpreted and answered the letters. Mr. Petrie found among the *débris* of his workshop a clay seal, on which the scribe's name is inscribed several times thus: "The seal of Tetunu, the servant of Samasakh-iddin." The exceptions to which we refer are written in two languages at present unknown; namely, those of the kingdoms of Mitanni and Arzawa. Many of the letters written in Babylonian from Syria contain words and grammatical forms closely related in some important details to the Hebrew of the Old Testament. They are therefore supposed to represent the Canaanitish language then prevalent in southern Syria and Palestine, and prove that the Canaanites, who were afterwards displaced by the Hebrews, spoke a language virtually undistinguishable from Hebrew and Phœnician.

The tablets, with one or two exceptions, consist of letters written by the kings of Mesopotamia and the countries bordering the Euphrates, and by the Egyptian governors of towns in Syria

and Palestine. The exceptions are interesting. One of them is a mythological tablet, which has been marked in red by some Egyptian, and was apparently used as a reading manual. There are also some fragments of vocabularies or dictionaries.

With the tablets were also found a clay seal having two impressions of the throne-name of Amenophis IV., five square alabaster plaques inlaid with the throne-name and name of Amenophis III. in dark blue faience, a light blue faience plaque rounded at the top with the names and titles of Amenophis III. and his wife Thi in hieroglyphs of dark blue faience, and the cover of a jar made of stone resembling *rosso antico*, and carved to represent a lion and a bull fighting in what seems to be a Mesopotamian style. On one of the letters from the king of Babylon is an impression from an Egyptian scarab, forming the bezel of a ring, while another tablet is impressed with a Babylonian cylinder seal. Let us now turn to the contents of the tablets.

First in regard to Babylonia. Babylonia at this time had been conquered, and was dominated by the Kassî, a foreign tribe from the Zagros mountains, — the Cush of Genesis ii. 13 and x. 8, who are said to have begotten Nimrod, and who gave Babylonia a new name, *i.e.*, Karduniyash. Their descendants were the Kaldi or Chaldeans. The first of these kings referred to in the correspondence was Karaindash, a contemporary of Amenophis III. A king, whose name is doubtfully read Kalimma Sin, and some of whose letters have been preserved, was perhaps his son. In one of his letters he tells us that it had been his custom to give his daughters in marriage to the kings of some country whose name cannot be definitely read. In a letter written by Amenophis III. to him, the Egyptian king begins thus : —

To Kalimma Sin, king of Karduniyash, my brother, thus saith Amenophis, the Great King, the King of Egypt, thy brother. I am well, may it be well with thee, with thy government, with thy wives, with thy children, with thy nobles, with thy horses

and with thy chariots, and may there be great peace in thy land ; with me it is well with my government, with my wives, with my children, with my nobles, with my horses, with my chariots, and with my troops, and there is great peace in my land.

This shows the style in which the correspondence was framed. From the letters it would appear that the father of Kalimma Sin had given his daughter in marriage to Amenophis III., who had asked that Kalimma Sin would also send his daughter Sukharti (*i.e.*, the Little One) to join his harem. The Babylonian king had replied that "since her marriage nothing had been heard of his sister, and no one knew whether she was alive or dead ;" implying that until news of the aunt was received he would not trust the niece in Egypt, and he adds that when he sent Rika son of Zakara and other high officials to bring back news of his sister, although all the wives were trotted out for inspection, and a certain woman had been pointed out as his sister, he said it was impossible for them to recognize her and to be sure that she was not a native of the land of Gagaya, or of Khani-rabbat, or of Ugarit ; and he asked for some assurance as to whether his sister was dead or alive. He further asked for the hand of an Egyptian princess. In his reply to this letter, Amenophis refers to some uncivil message which his father Thothmes IV. had apparently sent, which he says he would not discuss, and which he asks may be forgotten, as he wishes for brotherhood to be maintained between Egypt and Babylon. In reference to the complaint about no satisfactory news having been received of the princess, he says that none of the envoys who had been sent were old enough to remember her, and he begs Kalimma Sin to send a man of weight who had conversed with her and who would be able to recognize her, and to report that she was well and happy, and he calls his god Amen to witness that this was so. He also goes on to press again that he would send him his daughter (for whom he was prepared to pay a handsome dowry, far richer than had been

given by the other kings with whom he had formed similar alliances), and to ask for a contingent of soldiers; and sends a messenger to arrange a treaty, the condition of which was that certain duties should be levied upon gold, silver, oil, and clothing, and other objects of value which any Mesopotamian travelling in Egypt should offer for sale. He also promised to send him back his chariots laden with oil.

Amenophis apparently treated the request for the hand of one of his own daughters as an impertinence; and is reported to have said, "The daughter of the king of the land of Egypt hath never been given to a nobody." In his reply Kalimma Sin said that he had no soldiers, and that his daughter was not beautiful. He nevertheless goes on to discuss the loan of a quantity of gold to be treated as her dowry, and which he hopes may reach him during the time of harvest, since he wishes to pay to the temple the rest of an offering which he had vowed.

In answer to the Egyptian king's caustic phrase about his daughter, he says, "Thou art king, and canst act as thou pleasest; and if thou wilt give (her to me), who shall say a word (against it)?" and then he suggests a rather amusing alternative. "Surely," he says, "there be daughters of nobles? who are beautiful women in (Egypt). Now if thou knowest a beautiful lady, I beseech thee to send her unto me, for who here could say that she is not a princess? But if thou wilt not send such an one, then dost thou not act as a friend and a brother should. Now even as thou, because we are connected with each other, hast written unto me concerning a marriage (with my daughter), so because of our brotherhood and friendship, and because we are connected, have I also written unto thee concerning a marriage (with thy daughter). Why has not my brother sent me a wife? Inasmuch as thou hast not sent a wife, in like manner will I do unto thee, and will hinder any (Mesopotamian) lady from going into Egypt."

Whatever difficulties arose were apparently got over, for in a subsequent

letter Kalimma Sin writes: "With reference to thy request that my daughter Sukharti be given to thee to wife, my daughter Sukharti hath now come to the age of puberty, and may be married. If thou wilt write unto me, she shall be brought unto thee." The letters do not enable us to carry the interesting story further.

Presently the correspondence was renewed between the Egyptian court and a successor of Kalimma Sin, named Burraburiyash, who styles himself son of Kurigalzu, and who mentions how Karaindash, one of his predecessors, had had friendly relations with Amenophis III. In these letters the Egyptian kings are referred to by their throne names or prænomen. Thus Amenophis III. is styled Mimmuriya, Nim-muriya, or Immuriya, representing that king's prænomen Neb-Mat-Ra; while that of Amenophis IV., is given as Napkhurriya, *i.e.*, Nefer-cheperu-Ra, being the first portion of his prænomen.

From a letter of Burraburiyash, written to Amenophis IV., it would seem that the Kinakhians or Canaanites had invited his father Kurigalzu to join them in an attack upon Kannishat, a district under the Egyptian suzerainty, and that, after consultation with himself, he had not only refused but threatened them with punishment if they ventured to do so. A reference to this invitation in one of the letters from Syria shows it was sent by Aziru, the governor of the Amorite country. It seems the Canaanites had now actually commenced hostile proceedings. The Babylonian king goes on to remind Amenophis that so long as they two were united the rebels would be helpless to do any harm, and he sends him a present of three manehs of lapis-lazuli, and five pairs of horses for five wooden chariots. He in return complains that Amenophis had only sent him two manehs of gold, a much smaller quantity than his father was accustomed to give him, and he begs him to send at least half of what his father used to send. This, he says, he needed for contributions which he had

promised towards the support of the god of his native land.

In another letter he reverts again to these gifts, and asks Amenophis IV. to send him much gold, which he wants for the folding doors of the temple and palace he had undertaken to build; he promises to send anything he wishes of the products of his land in return. Meanwhile, he sends him some alabaster, five chariots of wood, and fourteen spans of horses. In another letter he writes to say that the envoys which he had sent to Egypt with Akhi-dhabu (*i.e.*, the Hebrew name Ahitub), with presents for the king, had been slain by the Canaanites in a place called Kekhin-natuni, or Kitin-natuni, and the gifts had been waylaid by the escort — under Sum Adda, the son of Balime (*i.e.*, Balaam), and Sutana, the son of Zarata, of the city of Akku (*i.e.*, Akkho or Acre) — who were subjects of Amenophis, and he asks that the robbers might be put to death. Among other outrages, one of his envoys had had his feet cut off, and another had been made to stand on his head. In another letter he complains that two Egyptian officials named Biryamaza and Panabahu had pillaged a caravan which he had sent to Egypt under the charge of Salimu. In another letter Burraburiyash frankly calls his correspondent's attention to the fact that three embassies had come from Egypt without bringing any presents, and that he would therefore send no gifts back. "If thou hast nothing of value for me," he says, "then I have nothing of value for thee." He next complains that one envoy who had taken twenty manehs of gold had only delivered five, which he had refused to accept. It would seem that Amenophis IV. had married a daughter of the Babylonian king, a fact not previously known, and the latter now sends a present of two manehs of lapis-lazuli for his son-in-law, and various gifts for "my daughter, the wife of my son." In another letter we read of some rich presents being sent by his messenger Shutti, apparently as a dowry for the princess, including an ivory and gold throne, wooden and golden thrones,

and a number of gold objects, the weights of which are specified. The long list of objects, including many kinds of precious stones and of artistic furniture, etc., whose specific names cannot as yet be translated, is a good measure of the extraordinary wealth and luxury which then prevailed.

While a considerable number of letters passed between the rulers of Egypt and Babylonia, we have one letter sent to Amenophis IV. by Asshur-yuballidh, king of Assyria. In this he expresses the pleasure he had had in receiving his envoys, and he says he had sent him a choice chariot with two white horses and their harness, and a seal of white alabaster. He goes on to complain that whereas the king of Egypt had sent his father, Asshur-nadin-akhi, twenty manehs of gold, and a similar quantity to the king of Khani-rabbat,¹ similar presents had now been withheld, and he asks him to despatch much gold, and to let his envoys take in return what they liked. He also speaks of the difficulties of the intercourse between the two countries, owing to the raids of the Suti or Bedouin robbers.

Turning from these two ancient powers of Mesopotamia, we next have a very interesting series of letters from the king of a country called Mitanni. The situation of Mitanni has been a good deal discussed, and the subject has been especially treated at some length by Dr. Jensen. There can be little doubt that it lay between the Euphrates and the Balikh, in the district of which Harran was the principal town. The people, so far as their language can be made out from the letters written in it, spoke a tongue like the old language of Armenia, in which the Vannic inscriptions are written. The language has been styled Alarodian, from the name given to the people living in Armenia by Herodotus;² and, according to the views of Mr. Sayce, whose interpretation of the Van in-

¹ *I.e.*, Khani the Great, which Delitzsch has shown good grounds for identifying with "The Great Land of the Kheta," or Hittites, of the Egyptians.

² See Herod. iii. 94, vii. 79.

scriptions is one of the most ingenious triumphs of modern science, it was closely related to Georgian. The Mitannians apparently occupied the district of Harran after the migration of the Hebrews. It is curious that this district was afterwards called Beth Adini, which seems to connect it with the worship of Aten, and increases the probability of the Aten worship having reached Egypt from Mitanni. The native name of the country was apparently Murruckhe.

Mitanni is named in an inscription of Thothmes III., while in another of Amenophis II., at Thebes, the king of Mitanni is mentioned as bringing him tribute. With Ramses III. the name disappears entirely from the Egyptian records, and the country was apparently conquered by the Assyrians, whose king, Tiglath Pileser I., went there to hunt wild cattle.

In one letter we are told that Thothmes IV. had asked Artatama, king of Mitanni, for the hand of his daughter, who had only been sent after the request had been preferred five or six times. A similar request was made by Amenophis III. to Shutarna, the son of Artatama, who sent him his daughter Gilukhipa, and among other things Amenophis sent in return an oblation-dish and a cup of solid gold.

An Egyptian scarab which has been known for some time mentions the marriage of Amenophis III., in his tenth year, with a princess of *Naharina*, named Kilkipa, the daughter of Shutarna, who was no doubt the same person. We are further told that she arrived in Egypt with three hundred and seventeen attendants. The letters of the king of Mitanni contain references to this princess, and prove that the country known as *Naharina* to the Egyptians, or perhaps one part of it, was the same as Mitanni.

Shutarna was succeeded by his son Artashumara. He was soon after slain by rebels, and was in turn succeeded by his brother Tushratta, who, although very young, put down the rebels and mounted the throne. He next seems to have attacked the king of the Hit-

tites, who had invaded his country to help the rebels, and killed him. He then sent to Amenophis to renew the alliance between the two countries, and sent him a present of a chariot, two horses, a youth and a maiden from the spoil captured from the Hittites, with five pairs of horses from his own stables, and also some gold objects and a vase of anointing oil as a present to his sister Gilukhipa, and he begs that Amenophis will send back his messengers Giliya and Tunip-ipri, and that they may bring him word that Amenophis has sent him a present to rejoice his heart.

Presently Amenophis seems to have written to ask Tushratta for the hand of his daughter. Mani, the Egyptian envoy on this occasion, was received with great honor and was shown the young princess, and, Tushratta says, he would report to his master how fair she was. He hopes she will have a happy life in the land of Egypt, and prays that Ish-tar, the goddess of Mitanni, and Amen, the god of Egypt, may mould her to please the will of Amenophis. He then goes on to say how he is getting ready for him some articles used in the war or the chase, and he goes on to beg the Egyptian king to send him "plenty of gold, gold which cannot be counted, more gold than he sent his father, since in the midst of Egypt gold was as plentiful as dust." But he adds, "whatsoever my brother sendeth I shall be greatly pleased." While he would not offend his brother by asking for gold, on the other hand he did not himself wish to be offended by having anything less than a large quantity of gold sent to him. His need for gold was chiefly for the payment of expenses incurred in sending to Egypt the presents which his grandfather had promised the king. Among the gifts which Tushratta sent the Egyptian king, there are named a large gold object inlaid with lapis-lazuli, a gold vessel inlaid with the same, a necklace of *khanuli* stones, and other precious things; ten pairs of horses, ten wooden chariots, with their fittings complete, and thirty eunuchs.

In the case of Mitanni, as in that of

Babylonia, we have a most elaborate list of rich objects sent by the king as a dowry for his daughter, whose number and value are quite astonishing when we consider what a small community Mitanni then was. It is a pity that so many of the names are untranslatable. In his letters Tushratta appeals to Rimmon and Ishtar as the gods of Mitanni. Oppert compares the name Tushratta with that of Chushan-rishathaim of Judges iii. 8-10, who subdued Israel eight years, and who was the ruler of Aram Naharaim (Mesopotamia).

Mitanni is not the only country inhabited by a strange people whose king corresponded with the king of Egypt. We have among the tablets one written from the king of what was once read as Arzapa, and was identified by Halévy with Rezepf on the Euphrates, five or six miles north of Palmyra, but according to Professor Sayce the name ought to read Arsama or Arsawa, which would do away with this identification. Its language, so far as we can judge, seems to have had affinities with the Hittite, and its king's name, Tarkhu-un-da-radush, is compounded with the well-known Hittite particle Tarkhu, which occurs in more than one Hittite personal and geographical name; and it is possible that Arsawa is another name for Khani-rabbat or the Land of the Great Hittites, which we know had intercourse with Egypt at this time. The correspondence in this case also refers to negotiations for a royal marriage. Tarkhundaradus sent a messenger to ask for the hand of an Egyptian princess, and with him he sent a number of presents, gold, etc., as a peace offering.

Another kingdom whose position is not quite known, but which possibly bordered on Phenicia on the north, in the neighborhood of Paltos, and may be represented by a part of the later Cilicia, and which was apparently occupied by an Aramæan race, was that known as Alashiya; a docket on one of the tablets tells us that it was the same as the Alesa of the Egyptians. Like the people of Mitanni, the Alashiyans worshipped the Babylonian gods Nergal and Ishtar. The letters of the

king of Alashiya to Amenophis IV. are for the most part in a very fragmentary condition. One in the British Museum, which is tolerably perfect, begins with the usual greetings, and the king goes on to say that he is sending a messenger to Egypt with five hundred pieces of bronze, and prays Amenophis not to be offended at the smallness of the quantity, since the hand of Nergal (*i.e.*, the pestilence) was upon the land, and had killed his people, so that it was not possible to continue its manufacture. This notice is particularly interesting as perhaps defining the district from which the Egyptians obtained their bronze. He begs the Egyptian king to send him back the two messengers as soon as possible, and he promises to send him in future as much bronze as he may wish to have, and asks to have some silver sent to him in return, which he needs for an offering to his gods. He also sends by the same messenger an ox, two measures of choice oil, and some runners swifter than eagles. He goes on to ask that the property of one of his subjects, who had died in Egypt, might be sent to his relatives who lived in Alashiya. He explains the delay in sending back an Egyptian messenger by the pestilence which then raged, and of which his son had died, and begs the king of Egypt that he will not make any treaty with his neighbors the kings of Khita (*i.e.*, of the Hittites) or of Shankar, and promises that whatever gifts they may send to Egypt he will forward with an additional present from himself. Shankar has been identified by some writers with Shinar, and has been supposed to represent Babylonia, but it is more probable that the editors of the British Museum volume are right when they identify it with a district named in the Egyptian inscriptions as Shankar, which is said to have been situated near Khita and Alesa. It was famous for its horses, and its name probably survives in that of the Singar hills.

In a letter at Berlin the king of Alashiya says that he is not responsible for the ill-doings of the people of Lukki, in which name we may perhaps recognize the Lycians of the Greeks.

Among the principalities owning allegiance to the Egyptian king at this time were the two small states of Ni and Nukhashshi or Anaugas on the Euphrates. In reference to the latter we have a curious letter from a certain Rimmon Nirari, or Adar Nirari, who addresses the Pharaoh as his father, which, as Mr. Boscawen argues, means no more than a form of respect. In this letter he says that Manakhbirja (*i.e.*, Men-cheper Ra, the throne-name of Thothmes III.) had anointed a certain chief, whose name is illegible, as king of Nukhashshi, and had apparently afterwards proclaimed Kiaribi as king there. He then goes on to say that the Hittites were attacking the place, and he asks that troops may be sent to him. As we shall see, both Nukhashshi and Ni actually fell into the hands of the Hittites. Nukhashshi, according to Halévy, means the land of copper, and he identifies it with Aram Zobah, whence David drew exceeding much brass (2 Sam. viii. 8). Zimmern doubts this identification.

Let us now turn to the Egyptian intercourse with Syria. We need hardly remind our readers how interesting to every student of history, and notably to every student of the Bible, it is to recover any information, however fragmentary, disclosing the condition of Canaan and its borders before it was conquered by the Hebrews. It is unfortunate that the correspondence we are describing is so fragmentary that we only have one side of the story, and that this is so full of querulous complaint and of the formal verbiage of diplomacy that few dramatic or interesting facts are recorded. We must nevertheless be thankful that something has been preserved. As Mr. Sayce says, the correspondence shows that Canaan was at this time in much the same political condition as India is at present under British rule. Many of the cities were under Egyptian governors, who were for the most part taken from the native nobility, but in other cases the native prince had been allowed to retain his title and a certain amount of power. He was, in any case, required to pay

tribute, to admit an Egyptian garrison within the walls of his city, and to receive from time to time the visits of a specially appointed commissioner, who bore the title of "gate-keeper," and corresponded to the "resident" of a protected State in India. At times a governor existed by the side of the native king, whose power therefore must have been merely nominal. Thus we read of a king of Sidon called Ilge as well as of the governor. The territory of the capital city was called "the country of the king" of Egypt; and Egyptian *khaganuti*, or governors, were imposed upon the towns within it. The authority of the native kings moreover depended on the pleasure of the Egyptian sovereign.

The Egyptian troops in Palestine, says Mr. Sayce, consisted of the *tsabi matsarti*, or "soldiers of the garrison," who were stationed in the subject cities, and of the *tsabi bitâte*, "the soldiers of the palace," or household troops, who were attached to the person of the Egyptian governor. Besides these there were the *tsabi saruti*, "the soldiers of the kingdom," who seem to have been foreign auxiliaries; and at times also the *amili khabbati*, "the plunderers," who were in the pay of the Egyptian government. Other foreigners who were prominent as stipendiary troops in Egypt at a much later date were the Shardani, or Sardinians. They are expressly mentioned for the first time in this correspondence. The vassal princes were required to furnish soldiers, horses, and chariots when required to do so, and also to supply grain and other provisions.

When the Pharaoh visited Syria, his feudatories and satraps there came before him with their tribute; in some cases their daughters joined the royal harem; in others the heirs to the petty thrones were carried off and kept as hostages until the death of father or brother opened their way to the throne. A continual tribute was dragged from the not too wealthy land, and no doubt induced the revolts and plots which are so continuously mentioned in the annals. This included gold and silver,

slaves and horses, cattle and sheep, corn, oil, wood, ivory, copper, iron, and other metals; strange animals, such as bears and elephants; chariots, armor, domestic furniture, and costly vessels. Taxes were levied on the products of the land, and were largely sent into the treasury in kind, and included corn, incense, fresh oil, wine, fruit, etc. When the king passed through the land, the soldiery had to be billeted and fed by the inhabitants.

The great highway of commerce went along the coast by the towns of Gaza, Askalon, and Joppa, which were much older than the Philistine settlements on this coast that dated from after the time of the eighteenth dynasty. Thence the road crossed Carmel and entered the fruitful valley of the Kishon, where lay the towns of Megiddo, Taanak, Jibleam, etc. The road then divided; one line turned again towards the coast and traversed the Phœnician towns, another bifurcated, one branch going towards Damascus and thence into north Syria, while another branch went by Kadesh, Hamath, and Aleppo towards Carchemish, and thence by Herran and Nisibin into the valley of the Tigris to Assyria and Babylonia. The Syrians, like their neighbors the Phœnicians, were great traders, and carried on in fact the main work of exchanging the commodities of the ancient world. Besides the overland trade, there was also a considerable trade by sea. The great maritime towns on the coast were Sidon (*i.e.*, "the Fishing town"), and, further south, Sarepta, — so called from Sor, "the rock," a town described in an Egyptian narrative as richer in fish than in land, — Tyre, Akzib, Akkho, or Acre, etc. North of Sidon lay Beyrut and Gebal or Byblos, the town of the great goddess (Baalat) who fell in love with Adonis; then followed Simyra, or Zemar (see Gen. x. 18), the modern Simir, between Tripoli and Amrit, and Arvad.

Syria and Phœnicia were situated between the two great art centres of the ancient world, and had been alternately subject to each. Their people, with

small originality of their own, had a great receptive and imitative faculty, and readily adopted the gods and the arts of their neighbors on either hand, the Egyptians and the Babylonians. The early Syrian temples were built and decorated apparently in the Egyptian fashion, while the gods were also fashioned after the same patterns. Egyptian symbols, such as the winged solar disc, the Ureus snake, the hieroglyph representing life, the Scarab beetle, the hawk of Horus, the Sphinx — all these were imported and adopted. On the other hand, there came in from Babylon the compound animals, — the griffin, the winged horse, etc. Occasionally the two inspirations were combined, as in the figures of the goddess Kadesh, who is represented like the goddess Hathor, but is made to stand on a lion. The Syrian Sphinx also borrowed wings from the ideas of the Babylonians.

At this time the Phœnicians were a wealthy and powerful trading community. The rich forests of Lebanon supplied them with ample timber for their ships, and they held the copper mines and forests of Cyprus (called Asi or Asebi, by the Egyptians), and planted many towns there. They coasted along the south shores of Asia Minor as far as Rhodes and the Ægean, planting their colonies and factories at every likely spot for trade or fishing or mining. The islands of Melos, Thera, Oliaros, Thasos, Crete, and Cythera were strewn with their colonies and settlements, and they no doubt planted the first seeds of culture among the Greeks and other aboriginal peoples. In the very oldest towns of Greece — Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Orchomenos — we find numerous objects of metal and early signet stones, clearly imported by the Phœnicians. They had the monopoly of the trade in dyes, and notably of the purple dye so valued everywhere. They had frequent and regular intercourse with Egypt, to which they were subject. They were in fact the great traders of the ancient world. They were also famous handicraftsmen, and among the precious objects imported

into Egypt none were more sumptuous and more valued than the gold cups and vases brought by the Phœnicians and the Syrians. They are represented on the frescoes in the tombs of many curious and elegant shapes. They were often of large size, had handles in the shape of animals or the human figure, and in other cases were shaped like the Greek rhytons, terminating in the heads of lions or other animals, and so constructed that they could not be put down till emptied. Others had flowers or tall ornaments ranged round their edges. They were inlaid with *cloisonné* work formed of a pavement of lapis-lazuli, etc., arranged in patterns. The enormous number of such cups and of the gold and silver which the Egyptians took away from Syria at this time is almost incredible, and proves the wealth of the country, and also what cruel tax-masters the great empires of the Old World were.

It was not only their gold cups for which the Semitic peoples of Palestine and its borders were then famous. It is not very certain whether we can carry back the manufacture of glass for which Sidon was afterwards so famous to this early date, but there can be little doubt that the Phœnicians were adepts at making scarabs and other objects out of glazed pottery, as the Egyptians were; and lapis-lazuli was imitated by a blue opaque paste, of which small objects were moulded, which have been found both in Egypt and Mesopotamia, and one of the presents offered to Thothmes III. was a head of a ram of this substance, which weighed fifteen Egyptian ounces, or twenty-one hundred grains. This was offered by the king of Shankar, but was probably of Phœnician manufacture.

The Syrians were then, as now, famous manufacturers of rugs and carpets. Their colder climate necessitated warmer clothes (which were made of wool and camel's hair) than the linen costumes of the Egyptians. They excelled in the manufacture of parti-colored textiles, which were ornamented with rosettes, mæanders, plants, etc., and were exported to Egypt for dec-

orating the houses. In the grave of Hui, at Thebes, we have representations of Syrians, whose sharp features and pointed beards distinguished them from the Egyptians. They are dressed in gay parti-colored robes, tightly girdled and bound round them. Beautifully wrought gold vessels are also represented, some of them apparently containing artificial flowers. There are also dishes laden with lapis-lazuli and a red kind of precious stone. In one an attendant leads a lion, another a pair of horses, while a third carries a panther skin, etc. Syria is thus shown to have been a great artistic centre; it also had great mineral wealth. The mountains of Lebanon and Amanus were the chief sources of the metals and of the fine timber so necessary to the people of the Nile and Euphrates, who lived where timber trees were almost unknown, and which produced no metals themselves.

While we have ample lists of the various presents sent by the Syrian princes, and others, to Egypt at this time, it is a singular and suggestive fact that neither the camel nor the sheep occurs among them, and it would seem as if neither of these animals was then known in Syria. The absence of the camel is certainly unexpected, for the correspondence shows that there was a widespread and continuous international communication at this time.

We are now in a position to appreciate the remaining letters found at Tell el-Amarna, to which we will turn. They disclose a truly curious state of things all over Palestine and Syria. Two facts at once arrest the attention of the student: one is the absence from the letters of the tribal names of the Canaanites, which occupy so marked a place in the Books of Joshua and Judges. With the exception of the Hittites and the Amorites, or "mountaineers," the rest are not specifically named. The second point is the complete absence of any trace of the Hebrews, unless we are to recognize them, as some suppose, in the Khabiri to be presently named. From one end of the country to the other there were

feuds and civil strife going on among the local chiefs and governors, as there used to be among the Scottish clans. While all professed to be faithful and loyal subjects of the Egyptian king, they accused each other of treachery and of ill-doing, and they fought and killed each other with impunity. It is certainly curious to get behind the scenes of the political struggles of the fifteenth century B.C., and to find in the same repository, letters written from various officials to their sovereign, accusing each other of treachery and other crimes. It is a pity the tablets are so broken that it is impossible to give a quite connected story, but this seems plain that the letters disclose no general revolt against Egypt, nor is there any evidence that Egypt lost her hold upon the country at all, except the northern districts, which were soon after this time conquered by the Hittites.

There is no evidence in fact to show that the civil strife which the correspondence proves existed in Syria at this time was not its normal condition. It was as much the policy of the Egyptian kings to govern according to the maxim "*Divide et impera*," as it was that of Napoleon I. and Emperor Nicholas to do the same in Germany. The Egyptians were not essentially a warlike race, and they could spare few soldiers as garrisons. They carried off hostages, but for the most part left the local administration in the hands of the local chiefs, allowing them to intrigue against and fight each other so long as they preserved a nominal suzerainty and received their tribute regularly. It is fortunate for the history of the world perhaps that this was so, for it probably led to the civic prosperity and the creation of the enterprise, wealth, and naval power of the Phœnician towns, the mothers of Greek art, and of many Greek political ideas.

It would appear that the principal Egyptian official at this time in Palestine was Yankhamu, and he is found interfering in the affairs of every part of the country, and must have had his hands very full in controlling the vari-

ous rival claims of the different local chiefs. In their correspondence with the king some of them refer to him for their character; others say that they have sent him troops; others complain of his conduct. At one time again he seems to have been friendly with some governor, and presently at feud with him. One of them complains that he favored the Khabiri or Confederates, who lived about Hebron, instead of supporting the local chiefs; another tells the king openly that the losses he had sustained were due to the ineptitude of Yankhamu. Finally, it would seem that the Egyptian king asked Shibti Adda to furnish a confidential report as to the fidelity of Yankhamu. That officer replied that "he is a faithful servant of the king, and the dust of the king's feet." Yankhamu apparently had his headquarters in the rich corn district of Yarmuda, the Jarmuth of Joshua x. 3.

In addition to Yankhamu, we have references to other Egyptian deputies and commissaries. Thus a personage, named Amanappa, who was clearly an Egyptian, as is shown by his name, Amen-apt, is mentioned several times in the letters of the governor of Gebal. In one of them he is apostrophized thus: "To Amanappa, my father, thus saith thy son, Rib Adda. I prostrate myself before the feet of my father, and may the Lady of Gebal give thee favor in the sight of the king my lord." He asks why Amanappa does not describe the real state of things to the king, and why he does not set out to attack the rebels, and he begs him to report to the king some of his past services which were known to him, for he says, "Thou art my father and master, and I trust in thee." In another letter written to the same commissary by the same governor, he prays that Amen, the great god of Thebes, may give him favor in the sight of the king, and he presses him to send help to the land of Amurri (*i.e.*, of the Amorites), where the rebels were making way.

From a letter of Urdya, the governor of Askalon, it would appear that the *lupaku* or Egyptian commissary in that

district was Rianapa,¹ whose orders Urdya says he will obey. Rianapa also had supervision over Pu Adda (*i.e.*, "order of the god Hadad"), the governor of Urza (a coast town mentioned in the campaign of Thothmes III.). It seems that he had treated the *lupaku* uncivilly, and when the Egyptian king sent to complain he assures the king that he will in future regard Rianapa as he would his Majesty, "mighty like the sun-god in heaven." In another letter he says he is vigilantly guarding the territory under his care, protests his devotion, and refers, in proof of it, to some friendly acts he had done to a neighboring governor named Shashikhashi.

Another Egyptian commissary was Pahura, who is referred to in the letters of the governor of Jerusalem. In one of these Pahura is said to have gone to Gaza, and the king is asked to supply him with fifty soldiers. He was apparently, as Mr. Sayce points out, the Paur whose grave has been lately found by Mr. Wilbour. The commander of the Egyptian guard at Jerusalem was named Khapi (*i.e.*, Hapi), and is called the son of Miyariya (*i.e.*, Meri-Ra). He is otherwise known from the Egyptian monuments as the father of Amen Hotpu, the erector of the colossus of Memnon. Amen Hotpu is himself referred to in the correspondence, where his name is written Aman Khatbi. The spelling of the name in the correspondence, says Mr. Sayce, confirms Maspero's transliteration of the Egyptian word generally read Hotep by Hotpu. From the letters it would appear that Amen Hotpu had authority in the district afterwards occupied by the tribe of Issachar, where he had a fierce struggle with the plundering tribes around. This appears from a letter written by the governor of Khazi.

Another commissioner was named Suta (probably the Egyptian name Seti). The chief of Jerusalem, Abdi Khiba, tells us that this official had arrived there, and that he had sent a present to the king by him. He is also men-

tioned by the governor of Acre, as being there when he wrote. Another Egyptian commissioner was called Maya. Others are named Aman-Mashashanu, Pakhamnata or Pakhanati (who is called Rabis Sharri, or officer of the king, on a tablet at Berlin), and Abbikha.

Some of the Syrian towns were probably governed directly by native Egyptians, and notably the important strategic district on the frontier, with its famous towns of Gaza and Joppa. Of this Yabitiri was governor. "His name is not Semitic, and may be Egyptian." He writes in a poetical strain: "I look here," he says, "and I look there, and behold it is dark; but when I look towards the king my lord, it is light. The tile which is trodden upon may give way; but I shall never give way beneath thy feet." He goes on to say that he has been in command of the king's soldiers for a long time, and wherever they have been he has been also, and he is anxious to exchange his government for a post in Egypt in the immediate service of the king. He says that he has had command of the king's troops for a long time, and that the king's yoke was upon his neck, but he would bear it. Beyrout was also governed by a man who, judging by his name, Ammunira (? Amen Ra), was an Egyptian.

The south of Palestine was at this time the scene of very special troubles, and the correspondence about them is of interest to us apart altogether from this circumstance, for it brings before us the condition of things in the very district where the Jews a few generations later filled such a notable part. The nomadic tribes of southern Palestine at this time seem to have formed a confederacy or association, and were collectively known as Amil Khabiri, *i.e.*, "the Confederates;" and their centre of meeting or capital was the city of Hebron or Khabirun (*i.e.*, the city of the Allies or Confederates), which is not itself named in the letters, a fact most consistent with the Bible narrative, which tells us that the name was only given to it when Caleb took it

¹ Renappa is given as an Egyptian name by Lieblein, "Dict. des Noms," p. 297.

from the Anakim (see Joshua xiv. 6-15). The other name of Hebron, namely, Kirjath-Arba—"the town of the Four"—probably refers to the four confederated tribes who met there. It is a very curious and interesting fact that this name Khabiri should be word for word the same as Hebrew, and that the Khabiri should have had their chief centre at Hebron, which is so closely associated with the dwelling-places and the tombs of the Hebrew patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The fact is very suggestive, and we hope we may discuss it on another occasion. At present it will suffice to say that these Khabiri were a very aggressive people, and a terror to their neighbors. The over-chief of the Khabiri at this time is called Ili Milku, which is merely the Hebrew Elimelech. On the other hand, the chief among the various petty kings and also the principal ally or supporter of the Egyptians in this district was Abdi Khiba, as Dr. Zimmern reads the name, or Ebed Tob as Mr. Sayce reads it. He had nominal control apparently of a wide district, extending westwards as far as Rabbah and Keilah, and southwards as far as Carmel, including Hebron itself, and his capital and seat of power was Jerusalem, or Urusalim, as it is written in the letters. It is assuredly a very interesting fact to recover not only the name of this famous city, so full of pathetic interest to us all, at so early a date, but actually to recover letters written thence by its petty chief. It is further curious, as Dr. Zimmern says, that the town should be so called at this time, and should not be named Jebus. Abdi Khiba was himself a Canaanite, as is shown by his name and by the use of Canaanitish words in his letters. He claims to have been something different from the other rulers of the country, who were mere deputies of the Egyptian king, while he was an independent sovereign, and, as he says, owed his position neither to his father nor mother, but to the arm of the mighty king.¹ The words about his

father and mother recall the language used by Melchizedek (who, we need not say, was king of Salem or Jerusalem) about himself.

In his letters to the Egyptian king, Abdi Khiba begins with the phrase that he prostrates himself seven times seven before him, and he goes on to protest against the slanders of those who had tried to make out that he was not a faithful friend and ally, and asks what motive he could have for committing an offence against the king. He charges the king's commissioner with favoring the Khabiri and discouraging the governors, and asks that Yikhhil Khamu may be sent, *i.e.*, probably that the commissioner Yankhamu may be superseded by some other person of that name. He also begs abjectly that troops may be sent to him, as Elimelech was destroying all the king's cities, which were being wasted. While it is the Khabiri who are chiefly referred to as the aggressors, it is also said they were incited by certain rival chiefs. It is not easy to follow the story, but it would seem that the original grievance arose from Yankhamu, the Egyptian commissary, having forcibly carried off the wives and children and taken the goods of a certain Malchiel, another name with a very Hebrew look, whose friends and relatives rallied round him, while the chief of Jerusalem took the side of the Egyptian governor. In one of his letters to the Egyptian king, the latter says that the cities of Kasu (*i.e.*, Gezer), Askalon, and Lachish had sent him provisions of food and oil, and he begs that troops may be sent to him, as Malchiel and the sons of Labai, who was apparently a chief of the Suti or Bedouin, were giving the country over to the king of the Khabiri; and he refers, if confirmation were needed, to Adai, the commander of the royal troops in Jerusalem, and to Pahura, the royal commissioner, and asks the king to keep a vigilant outlook upon distinctly "zuru'u" arm. In the third the word is written "isrubu," and seems to be a mistake. Mr. Sayce's reading of "isiupu," and the connection he finds between it and the word *asipu*, a prophet, cannot, according to these writers, be sustained.

¹ This is the reading adopted by Halévy and Zimmern. In two of the letters the word used is

Ayaluna or Ajalon. It would seem that the four towns referred to in the letters cited — namely, Gezer, Askalon, Lachish, and Ajalon — were all more or less subordinate to Jerusalem and its governor. We read of them elsewhere. The immediate governor of Gezer was Yapakhi. Three letters from him are in the British Museum collection. He writes to ask the Egyptian king to take precautions for the protection of the town, which was threatened by his enemies. In one of them he says his youngest brother had left him and joined his forces to those of the enemy in the city of Muru khazi (?). In the letters of Pidya or Widya, who styles himself the governor of Askalon and whose name has a very un-Semitic look, he says that he is sending provisions as the king wishes, and is guarding the cities which the king had confided to him. One of the sentences he uses is curiously abject. "Who is the dog," he says, "who does not listen to the words of the king his lord, son of the Sun?" At Lachish, Zimrida was governor. He also writes to the Egyptian king in a humble way, as does another correspondent from Lachish, called Ybanieh. *Inter alia* he says that he had listened to the words of Maya, the king's commissioner. It is curious and interesting to find the Egyptian king in many of these letters apostrophized in such a phrase as this: "To the king my lord, my Gods the Sun-god," etc. The use of the plural in the word "Gods," as Professor Sayce says, is not of Egyptian but of Canaanitish origin, and explains how the Hebrews spoke of their God not as El, but Elohim (*i.e.*, Gods). From Ajalon there are two letters written by a governor who was a woman. Her name is read as Belet Nesi by Halévy, who says that it is a Babylonian name, meaning Lady of the Lions, and he suggests that she was the wife of the chief of Jerusalem. Sayce reads the name doubtfully as Uras-mu. She says that rebellion had broken out in the place, and begs the king to take steps to stop it. The Khabiri had sent their troops to the city of Ajalon and to the town of Zarkha (the

Zoreah or Zorah of Joshua xv. 33 and Judges xiii. 25), and the two sons of Malchiel had destroyed Arad-hiba (?). In another letter she bids the king recapture the town of Zabuba. The mention of this town suggests to M. Halévy that the Baal Zebub, translated God of Flies in 2 Kings i. 2, may really have been the god of the town of Zabub. Another town in this district is referred to in other letters as subject to Pu-Adda. This was Urza, now Khurbet Yerzeh, eleven miles S.S.W. of Mujedda.

To return to Jerusalem and its ruler. Things evidently went very wrong with him; for after mentioning that several women and slaves had been sent to him as a present, that Suta, the royal commissioner, had visited him, and that he had sent a number of male and female slaves to him as a present, he points out how the enemy were attacking his borders as far as the mountains of Seir (afterwards the frontier between Judah and Dan, Joshua xv. 10) and the city of Gimti-Kirmil (Gath-Carmel, situated in Judah, south of Hebron, Josh. xv. 55, 1 Sam. xxv. 2, 5), and how all the various governors had been displaced. Turbazu from the city of Zilu (the Zelah of Josh. xviii. 28, 2 Sam. xxi. 14) had fallen; Zimrida of Lachish had been killed; Yaptikh Addu, corresponding to the Hebrew Jephthah-Hadad, had also been slain at Zilu; and unless help was forthcoming very quickly, all, he said, would be lost. We read in another letter that Abdi Khiba eventually fell into the hands of Labai.¹

While Jerusalem and southern Palestine were thus distracted by the quarrels of the various governors and by the aggressions of the Khabiri, showing how comparatively easy it may have been for the Hebrews a few generations later to overwhelm and occupy it, the towns of central Palestine were similarly troubled by the so-called Khabbati or Plunderers, the Suti of the Assyrians, who, says Mr. Sayce, can be no others than the Bedouin who still

¹ *Vide Athenæum*, Jan. 14, 1893,

infest the plain of Sharon, and also by the strife of one chief against another. From a letter of Mut Adda, written to the Egyptian commissioner, we learn that the enemy had captured the city of Bikhishi and occupied it for two months. Among the cities which had rebelled were Udumu (*i.e.*, Edom), Aduri (*i.e.*, Addar; see Josh. xv. 3), Araru, Mishtu, Magdalim (*i.e.*, the Edomite city whose chief is named Duke Magdiel in Gen. xxxvi. 43; it was called Makahl by the Egyptians), Khinianabi, Sarkishabtat, Khawini, and Abishima. The loss of the city of Ashtarti (*i.e.*, Ashteroth-Karnaim, now Tell Ashtarrah, east of the Jordan) is referred enigmatically to the god Mero-dach. A considerable cause of trouble in central Palestine at this time was Labai or Labapi. Mr. Sayce argues that Labai had his seat of government in Mount Ephriam, whence he intrigued against Megiddo in the north, and Gezer and Jerusalem in the south. In one of the letters he seems to be referred to as the governor of Sunama (Shunem), of Burqa (the Bene-berak of Josh. xix. 45), and of Kharabu.

Akkho is one of the oldest towns in the world with a continuous history, and is still known as Acre. It occurs in the correspondence as Akkho, as it does in Judges i. 31, and was governed by Zitadna, and he speaks of it as being as faithful as Magdali in Egypt (*i.e.*, Migdol, referred to in Exodus xiv. 2, Numbers xxxiii. 7, Jeremiah xlv. 1, etc.). In one of his letters he tells us that Namy-itsa, with Suta or Seti, the Egyptian commissioner, was then at Akkho, and he refers enigmatically to some lady who was then at Megiddo, who had made Zirdamyasda (?) over to Namy-itsa, a gift of which Suta did not approve. Zitadna says that it had revolted. It is possible that this Zitadna was the same person as Zidatan, who in a letter addresses the Egyptian king as his father. This letter is fragmentary, but it ends in a filial way by saying that he was very short of money, and asks that some may be sent to him, and that he in return was ready to send the king anything he wished.

Sum Adda, the son of Balimi or Ba-laam, also mentioned by the Babylonian king as ill-treating his messengers, is referred to in several letters. He styles himself governor of Samhuna, which Halévy identifies with the Septuagint reading of the place-name mentioned in Joshua xix. 15, as Sumoön or Sumoniās, and which the Masoretic text reads Shimron. It was a town of Zabulon. In one letter he says that he cannot supply the corn asked for by the king, as the men who had thrashed it had driven away the overseers. In other letters we have references to Abdulkar-shi, the governor of Khasur or Hazor, another famous Biblical town (see Joshua xi. 1, Judges iv. 2). He is said, in a letter from Abi Milki (*i.e.*, Abimelech, the governor of Tyre), to have abandoned his town and joined the rebels. Abi Milki begs the king to make him governor of Usu, so that he may be supplied with water, wood, and straw.

In the north of Palestine a similar feud to those described elsewhere, but on a larger scale, was going on between Rib Adda (whose name is compounded with that of the god Hadad), the governor of Gebal, or Byblos, and other maritime districts, and a number of rival governors who controlled the Amorite country. Among these, Abd Ashirta (*i.e.*, the servant of the god Ashera) was a leader. As Zimmern says, the name is Hebrew.

In one of the letters of Rib Adda, he says that Abd Ashirta had waged war against Egypt in the days of the king's father, but had not been able to capture the loyal city of Gebal. This, no doubt, refers to the days of Amenophis III., and points to the troubles with the Canaanites referred to in the letter of Burraburiyash, already cited, when they seem to have invited all the neighboring powers to come and help them against the Egyptians.

In Rib Adda's letters to the Egyptian court his enemies are frequently referred to as the sons of Abd Ashirta. Their names are given elsewhere as Aziru, the Biblical Ezer, and Pumabula (*i.e.*, the foot of Baal); and the majority

of the many letters written by Rib Adda refer to them. Aziru, whom the latter specially calls his enemy, was the chief of them, and he appears to have been the governor of Amurri, or the Amorite country — that is, of the mountains on the northern frontier — with his capital at Tunip. He had a bitter feud with Rib Adda, whom he eventually ousted from the various cities over which he had authority, except, perhaps, Gebal itself.

It would take too much space to give an analysis of the correspondence referring to this period, though it by no means exhausts the dramatic story that was being enacted at the time on the northern borders of the Egyptian territory. Among the peoples who bordered upon Syria on the north, the most powerful probably, and also in some respects the most famous, were the Hittites, who have attracted a good deal of attention in recent years. The correspondence from Tell el-Amarna brings before us some of the earliest information we have about them, and they seem at this time to have begun that career of aggressive conquest which made them a very powerful element in the politics of western Asia. We have seen how the king of Mitanni claims to have defeated and killed their king. They were more successful in another direction, where they had been invited by the discontented governors and princes of northern Syria to invade the country. Some details of the Hittite aggression are given in letters from Akizzi, who was the governor of the city of Katna. In this we are told the king of the Hittites had wasted the cities under the protection of Egypt with fire and sword, and had seized the gods of Egypt and made prisoners of his men. In another sentence Akizzi expressly says that the king of the Hittites had carried off the image of the sun-god from Katna, and, as an incentive to Amenophis to go to his help, he reminds him that Shamash, the sun-god of his own fathers, became also the god of the ancestors of Amenophis, who called themselves after his name, referring no doubt to the appellation of

"son of the sun" which was used by most of the Egyptian kings, and he goes on to say that if Amenophis would go to his help the name of the sun-god might again be associated with his. In another letter from the same personage reference is made to certain disputes between himself and the Hittites. In this letter it is said that Tiuwatti, governor of the city of Lapana, and Arzawya, governor of the city of Rukhizi, had entered into a league with Itagama, and had wasted the countries of the king with fire. These names have a curious look. They are certainly not Semitic, and they may possibly be either Amorite or Hittite. We are further told that the two chiefs above named were living in the country of Ubi (that is, "Hobah, which is on the left hand of Damascus," referred to in Genesis xiv. 15), which belonged to the king of Egypt, and were in alliance with Dasha, who lived in the land of Am (? the Ummah of Joshua xix. 30 and the modern 'Imm), and were sending daily to Itagama and advising him to go and seize the country of Ubi. We are further told that the people of Damascus and of Katna were greatly distressed at what was happening, and they implored the Egyptian king to send them help. Lastly, we read that the kings of Nukhashshi, Ni, Zinzar, and Kinanat (*i.e.*, Canaan) were all friendly to the Egyptians, and that it would be well for Amenophis to ally himself with them, and to send some troops to their aid.

This help either did not arrive or was of no avail, for we read elsewhere how the Hittites had overwhelmed the kingdoms of Nukhashshi and Ni, and how they had captured the *lupaku*, or Egyptian commissary, and had taken the cities of the land of Am from Bin Adda or Ben Hadad. They presently threatened Tunip, and we have a curious letter written by the people of Tunip, asking for help, in which they say that the gods worshipped at Tunip were the same as those of Egypt, and the form of worship was the same, referring, no doubt, to the planting of the Egyptian religion there by Thothmes III., and

they implore the king to send them help. In some letters written by Aziru to his brother Hai, which are unfortunately much broken, he seems to speak of the king of the Hittites, who was at that time in the country of Nukhashshi, and threatening Tunip. In another letter he seems to say that the Hittite messengers had arrived and summoned Tunip. Tunip, as we know, afterwards fell into the hands of the Hittites, where they were in the reign of Rameses II., and it would seem that it was soon after this time that they became masters of the country of the upper Orontes, with their southern seat of power at Kadesh.

The Itagama of the above notice is also named in a letter of Abimelech, the governor of Tyre, who in answer to the king's request for news writes: "The king of the land of Danuna is dead, and his brother has become king in his stead, and there is peace in his land. One-half of the city of Ugarit¹ has been burnt with fire and is destroyed. The soldiers of the land of Khatti (*i.e.*, the Hittites) are no longer here. Itagamapairi, governor of the city of Kedshi (Kadesh), and Aziru, have rebelled and are fighting against Namyawiza." The Namyawiza here named was the governor of a city whose name is doubtfully read as Kumiti. He writes to say that the rebels had captured his city, and he feels as if he were dead and had no followers. Biri-dashwi had also created rebellion in the city of Inuamma (referred to in the Egyptian texts as a city of upper Retennu), which had closed its gates against him. He had also captured the city of Ashtarte. The governor of Buzruna (*i.e.*, the modern Bosrah) and the governor of Khalunni (? according to Sayce the modern Nahr 'Allan) had also made a league with Biri-dashwi, and determined to slay Namyawiza, who took refuge at Damascus. There he was attacked by Arzawaya, who apparently mistook him for a rebel. Arzawaya then went to Gizza, where he made prisoners of the followers of Aziru, and having captured the city of

Shaddu handed it over to the rebels instead of to the king of Egypt. Itagama had also ravaged the country of Gizzi, and Arzawaya, in league with Biri-dashwi, had wasted the country of Abitu. These local names, which we cannot identify, were apparently situated in Coele-Syria, and point to the disturbed condition of that district. The personal names have a curious look, and are apparently Amorite or Hittite. In view of this letter it is certainly curious to find Itagama writing to the king of Egypt, whom he addresses as his lord, and before whom he prostrates himself seven times seven times, complaining that Namyawiza had slandered him to the king in saying that he had laid waste the country of Gitsi (*i.e.*, the Gizzi of the letter above quoted, and probably Kadesh), and had killed the *hupaku* or commissary, and he begs the king and his men to listen to the words he had sent by Bikhuri. He in turn charges Namyawiza with having ruined the whole country and given over the various cities to the robbers. As to himself, he with his troops and his chariots and his people were at the king's service, and he would recover these towns for him. This letter from the governor of Kadesh proves how very largely the struggles in Palestine were faction-fights rather than directed against Egypt.

Although we have no reason to think from these letters that the Egyptians lost their hold on Syria during the reign of Khuen Aten, and the whole country, at least as far north as Kadesh, remained faithful to the Great King, it would appear that the Hittites did at this time secure the Egyptian possessions in Naharina, such as the principalities of Nukhasse and Ni, and it may be also that they overwhelmed the kingdom of Mitanni, which seems to disappear from history at this time; and it is probable that these campaigns were followed up in the weak reigns succeeding Khuen Aten, and that it was then the Hittites conquered the valley of the upper Orontes and made Kadesh their southern capital. Even then the Hittite influence seems to

¹ The Akarith of the Egyptian texts, probably situated near the Euphrates.

have been largely limited on the south by the country about Kadesh. A tomb at Thebes dating from the reign of Tutankhamen, the successor of Khuen Aten, represents the Rutennu as bringing tribute of silver and gold vases, lapis-lazuli, turquoise and the other precious stones of the country, together with chariots and horses. And when Rameses II. marched against the Hittites, he marched through his own country and met with no signs of opposition until he reached the valley of the Orontes.

It is a curious fact that we should meet with no reference to the Philistines in these letters. This confirms the opinions of those who look upon the Philistines as having first settled in Palestine during the domination of the next Egyptian dynasty. It will also be a disappointment to many people to find no undisputed mention of the Hebrews in the letters. We say undisputed, because there seem to be many reasons in favor of the views of those scholars who have identified the Hebrews with the Khabiri of Hebron, so frequently mentioned in these notices and elsewhere. It is true that this identification would disturb some old-fashioned opinions about the Days of Bondage and the Exodus; but these opinions have been necessarily modified of late years in view of the impossibility of making them agree with what we know of Egyptian history. At present we are content to have analyzed the very interesting documents which have been so recently published, and which throw so much new light on the history of the fifteenth century B.C. We may perhaps be permitted to treat the problem just referred to and some others cognate with it on another occasion.

In discussing the priceless treasures, archæological and historical, of Egypt, we avail ourselves of this opportunity to point out—not for the first time—how ill-housed is the collection which

contains the most ancient and the most valuable relics of the world's history.

The Ghizeh Museum is positively unfit as a building for the purpose it now serves, and wholly unworthy of its contents; moreover, it is in a particularly inconvenient situation, separated from Cairo by the Nile, and inaccessible at certain hours in the middle of the day when the swing bridge across the river is open.

A commission was recently appointed to examine the building, and its report, as stated by the *Times* correspondent on March 26th last, "shows that the condition is even more dangerous than it was known to be. With the masses of timber in the masonry of the walls, the numerous flimsy partitions and wooden floorings, and the spacious exterior verandahs, a fire would effect the complete destruction of the building in a few hours. The government has rejected a proposal for removing the museum into a building to be constructed for the purpose on a more accessible site on the score of expense, estimated at 130,000*l.*, and prefers to face a probable expenditure of 90,000*l.* for alterations to render the present building fireproof, although the result is not expected to be satisfactory. The Caisse de la Dette is disposed to pay the cost from its reserve fund.

"This invaluable collection, representing the art and history of ancient Egypt, which has been gathered with enormous pains, is increasing yearly, and its disposal interests the entire scientific world. The Egyptian ministry, however, with all good intentions, does not appreciate its value and importance; and the premier, who is all-powerful, considers it mere waste to spend money on such objects whilst it is needed for the reduction of taxation, instruction, etc."

May we not hope that the scientific world will *insist* upon the collection in question being adequately and securely housed, before a catastrophe takes place?

From The National Review.
TWO PROPER PRIDES.

I.

THE doctor half unconsciously loosed hold of his *pince-nez* as he uttered his last words, and it fell with a click against his watch-chain.

Maurice found himself wondering in an aimless fashion why he had heard the sound so plainly. But he did not wonder long, for soon it seemed to him that all sounds were as importunate in their demands upon his ear. The dropping of the coal from the fire; the distant rattle of the traffic as it passed the end of Lower Dyott Street; the well-bred footfall, brisk but not hurried, of Sir Simon's unclassifiable manservant, crossing the hall to open the door to a new patient—he heard them all; and the sounds somehow seemed relatively clearer in proportion to their slightness and to their distance. In his present state of tension, something seemed to be serving his ear as a reversed telescope serves the eye: his impressions of hearing were so indescribably sharp yet so infinitesimally minute. In his eye itself there was no such preternatural activity. On the contrary, it was idle as his ear was busy. He had been looking straight out of the window at a particular chimney-stack, a little higher than its neighbors, when Sir Simon Baldwin closed his closing sentences with the words,—

"It might be eighteen months. I have known such cases. But rarely. It would be better for you—or perhaps I ought not to say better—it would certainly be wiser, more prudent, not to count upon more than a year."

And throughout the three minutes' silence which had followed he had stared at nothing but the chimney-pot. And he had not seen that.

Sir Simon Baldwin coughed. He had finished writing his prescription some time ago, and all there was to say he had said already. He was not a bad-hearted fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, or, indeed, any less sympathetic than the average medical practitioner; and he was willing to allow a patient any reasonable time to recover

from a shock. Still, to a man of his professional eminence, minutes were minutes. There were not more than sixty of them to the hour, nor more than three hours between ten A.M. and one. And when you have your waiting-room full of patients, and are due at a hospital at an early hour of the afternoon, and the particular patient who has been consulting you, and whom you have really told everything that it can be useful for him to know, and much more than it is pleasant for him to learn, is apparently lost in a reverie from which there seems no chance of his rousing himself unassisted, you—well, you do what Sir Simon Baldwin did in that situation. You cough.

Sir Simon's cough was not a noisy or obtrusive cough; but it was distinctly eloquent. It said quite plainly to his consultant, although, of course, ever so much more delicately than any words could have put the thing, "It is a painful situation. You have my professional sympathy; but—my time is precious."

Maurice, of course, understood its meaning instantaneously. The flash of his brain, indeed, preceded rather than accompanied the imperceptible jerk of his head, as the sound struck his ear. He prepared to speak; and then suddenly a great fear seized him lest his voice should sound strange, and proclaim him stunned by the blow he had just received. It was with relief that he recognized it as his own, though it seemed to be addressing him from a needlessly ceremonious distance, and yet to be slightly louder than usual. He noticed, however, with pleasure, that there was no perceptible tremor in it.

"I feel deeply obliged to you, Sir Simon," it said, "for the frankness which you have used with me. I assure you I take it as a compliment to my strength of mind that you should have spoken so plainly."

"You invited me to do so, Mr. Gambier,—did you not?" said the physician gravely.

"True, true; I did," replied the other hurriedly, as if his own share in

the matter would less bear thinking of than his companion's; "but it is one of those invitations which doctors are sometimes accused of evading. Would you have responded to it in the case of a woman, for instance? Would you have told a woman that—that she only had a year to live?"

Maurice arrived quite quietly and successfully at the close of his sentence; somewhat to his surprise; for it had seemed to him just as likely that it would end in an agonized cry of "O, God! that you had never told me!"

Sir Simon Baldwin rose to his feet, polite professional deprecation radiating from his entire person.

"My dear sir, it is impossible for me—for any physician—to answer such a question. We should be guided, as we always are, by circumstances, and by a sense of the double duty which we owe to our patients' bodies and to their minds."

"Of course, of course," muttered Maurice, rising himself, in obedience to the hint. "My question was an idle one. Pray excuse it. And now let me—I feel I have trespassed too long on your time already. Eh? O, thanks! Yes, to be sure; the prescription. No particular directions about diet, I suppose?" he went on rather confusedly, as a whole jestbookful of ghastly fooleries about condemned criminals and their breakfasts jostled each other in his mind.

"No; I think not," said Sir Simon, in a tone which just sufficiently conveyed the intimation that it mattered not two straws what his patient ate or drank, without any offensive hint of the further question, "As how should it?"

Maurice fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket for the fee, and again the demon of grim humor whispered in his buzzing ear, "Suppose it were a formality of our judicial procedure that as soon as the judge had put in his good word for the prisoner's soul, and once more removed the black cap from that imitation of the tonsure which forbade his priestly predecessors to take part in the shedding of blood, it should become the

duty of the doomed wretch in the dock there and then to pay the jury the fixed remuneration for their services."

He grasped Sir Simon's hand with nervous haste, half afraid that as he did so he might break into an idiotic laugh; and leaving the purchase money of his death-sentence in the cool, soft palm that he had pressed, he hurried from the room.

The unclassifiable manservant, who seemed to have just missed the smartness of the footman, without having attained to the moral weight of the butler, stood ready to open the door for him; but Maurice remembered with a qualm that he had left his umbrella in the waiting-room. Should he ask the unclassifiable one to fetch it for him? or should he face once more that company of fellow-criminals, every one of whom, probably, was to be let off with a so much lighter sentence than his; this one, perhaps, with transportation for the winter; that other with the fine of a few indulgences; a third, possibly, with a mere caution?

He decided to face them, and, stepping quickly to the door, he opened it, and entered the room.

There they all were, as he had left them only a quarter of an hour before, and with the labels which he had in imagination attached to them still hanging round their necks. There was the middle-aged man with the fallow skin and purple-ringed eyes whom he had mentally accused of liver, and the older, greyer, stouter, more florid malefactor who had come, he guessed, to plead guilty to gout. There was the plain young mother with the unwholesome-looking child; there was the richly draped, obese matron, whom he had confidently classed as a fellow-sufferer, with the thickest-necked of her pugs; and there was the ascetic-looking East End parson whom he had unhesitatingly sat down as *poitrine*. Externally they looked the same to him as before. He found nothing to modify in the disparaging judgment which the critic in him had pronounced upon them, as singularly unlovely and uninteresting, offensively, almost criminally,

commonplace. But the relation to them of the man beneath the critic was altered — nay ; transformed. The critic might be still looking down upon them from above ; but the man, he felt with a sudden and indescribable pang of humiliation, — the man was distinctly conscious of looking up at them from below.

He had entered the room half curious to learn with what mixture of envy, resentment, or other kindred emotions, he would look upon them, and lo ! the first sight of them had swept his mind clear of all such feelings, and left nothing there but a profound and intensely painful sense of inferiority.

Yes, inferiority. That was the only word ; an inferiority not personal, but of species. Contemptible though they might be, as specimens of it, the order of being to which they belonged appeared to have been suddenly elevated above his own ; and, try as he might, he could no more fancy himself the equal of any one of them, from the fat old lady down to the unwholesome child, than even the comeliest and most accomplished young Greek of the pagan period could have fancied himself the equal of an unattractive god.

Eager for relief from the torment of the comparison, he caught up his umbrella and departed. The Nondescript opened the door for him with a countenance whose absolute lack of expression had a slightly soothing effect, and after a few minutes' walking at a rapid pace through a crowd of now estranged fellow beings — creatures endowed, for all that appeared, with immortality — Maurice found himself seated on one of the benches in the Park.

There he sat for hours, revolving many things ; and the dusk of an autumn day was deepening into darkness when he rose, and, half-wondering why he did so, bent his steps towards his club. His pace, as he approached it, grew slower and slower, like that of a man who is reaching the crisis of anxious cogitations ; and he was already nearly at its doors when he came to a halt, and said aloud, —

"Yes ! I'll write to her. I'll write

to-night. It will not only be fairer to her, but safer for me." And his mind added, in mute continuance of his short soliloquy, "Fairer to her not to take her sympathy by surprise ; safer for me to run no risk of having to find out afterwards, when the first shock of pity was past, that she was repenting her impulsive mistake."

Then he went into his club, and, with a certain sense of relief at finding himself still under the beneficent despotism of routine, he ordered his dinner.

II.

IF any of those dear friends of Clara Mostyn who were accustomed to deplore the "coldness of her manner," while at the same time assuring other dear friends that "of course it *was* only manner," — and that "she was really capable of very deep feeling for people whom she took to, you know," — could have seen her as she sat with Maurice Gambier's letter on her lap, they would have found such evidence of the truth of their kindly testimony as should — and, let us hope, would — have rejoiced them to discover. For the deep grey eyes which could undoubtedly look hard and cold at times were soft enough now. They were full, indeed, of an indescribable pity and tenderness, and something glittered on their long lashes in the firelight which could never have been brought to them even by the most affectionate observation of her dearest female friend. "Handsome," rather than "sweet," was the description usually given of her mouth ; but then its firm, marmoreal lines were seldom seen to melt as they were melting now ; and that pathetic quiver of the lower lip, as she slowly raised and kissed her lover's letter, was more unusual still.

"Oh, it is terrible — terrible," murmured she. "Poor Maurice ! Poor, poor Maurice !"

"Yes, dearest ; it is very shocking," said a clear, brisk voice beside her ; "but of course, you know, it is — well, it is rather fortunate too."

"Fortunate, Jenny !" exclaimed her friend, in a tone of mingled surprise and indignation.

"Well, I mean fortunate, that he should have found it out. It would have been a dreadful thing to have discovered it only after you were married."

"Why any more dreadful then than it is now?"

"My dear Clara, what a question! Why, because then the knowledge would have come too late."

"Too late for what?" asked Clara, almost sternly.

The two women looked at each other in silence; but Jenny Cardrew's soulless little brown eyes showed no trace of discomposure under Clara's reproachful gaze.

"I really don't know, dear," she resumed, in her usual level tone of cheerfulness, after a pause; "I really do not know why you should fence with me like this. It's quite absurd your pretending not to know what I mean."

"You mean," said Clara, in a low but steady voice, "that now I have heard that—now I have heard what I have, I should agree to his proposal. You mean that I should break off our engagement?"

"No; I did not gather from his letter that he made any such proposal, or indeed proposed that *you* should do anything; but, since you ask me, I am certainly of opinion that you would do wisely to accept the offer that, as I understand it, he did make."

"It is the same thing."

"I don't agree with you, and I must say I think you do little justice to poor, dear Mr. Gambier's delicacy when you say so. But let me look at his letter again."

And, taking it from Clara's lap, she read aloud, in a clear, ringing, absolutely expressionless voice, as follows:

"MY DEAREST CLARA,—

"I have a piece of startling and painful news to tell you; and, as I don't believe in what is called 'breaking' bad news to people, which in my experience is about the worst way of telling it them, I will say at once that Sir Simon Baldwin has informed me that I have not more than a year to live. I

consulted him this morning about that heart-trouble from which, you know, I have suffered for the last few months; and his reply—his sentence, I suppose one might call it—was what I have said.

"I can't trust myself, just yet, at least, even to write to you all I think and feel about ourselves. I thought I should be able to say it all on paper, and away from you; but, now I am trying it, I find I can't. It is all too fresh; you must give me a little more time. After all, I have a year before me.

"I had another reason for not telling you this in person; and that was that I wanted, and want, to give you time to recover from the first shock of my news, and look at this melancholy business like the dear, good, sensible girl you are. If I were not as sure of your good sense as I am of your love, I should never venture to say what I am going to say to you; because one kind of silly woman would misunderstand my feelings, and another kind would fancy I misunderstood hers. But you and I are not like that; we understand each other; and, just as I know you won't think I love you any the less because I forbid you to do a foolish thing, so I shall know that you love me none the less because you submit. Dearest, dearest, let me get the words written and done with: we cannot marry now. Some people would say that, even before this happened, I had no business to have asked you to marry me on the strength of expectations which my death, at any time before my uncle's, would have defeated. But still the odds, as things looked then, seemed all in my favor, and I could have excused myself for doing then what I certainly do not consider justifiable now. If the doctors had given me another four or five years it would have been different, and I might have backed my life against my uncle's. But, though I don't consider Jack Gambier's life a good one—either in the actuary's or the moralist's sense of the word—I can't honestly say that I think it as bad in the actuary's sense as mine. I can't pretend to

think it in the least degree probable that he will drink himself to death within the next twelve months ; and, now that he finds himself too shaky to ride, there is no chance of his cutting short his days in the hunting-field. In fact, it is any odds that he outlives me ; and if he is going to outlive me, what would become of you if we were to marry ? My reversion in the property would lapse ; Jack could 'appoint' by will to any one he pleases ; and you — for, unluckily, I have never insured my life — would be left a widow within the year, and a widow without a shilling ! Either of the two is a bad enough look-out ; but both together — no ! The thought would embitter every hour of the life that remains to me, and render it ten times as hard for me to make a decent ending.

"I am going away, dear, for a time just to try and — well, just to pull myself together ; and, when I began this letter, I meant it to be one of farewell until my return. But you won't think me too miserably weak and selfish, and wanting in consideration for you, if I ask to see you once before I go. The sort of warning I have had is apt to make one a little superstitious perhaps ; but, if I were to leave London without seeing you, I should be haunted by the fear that I might be going on a longer journey than I intend, and should never get a chance of saying good-bye to you at all. If it would be too painful to you at present, send me the single word no, and I will wait ; but if I may come and see you this day week, at Mrs. Cardrew's, do not give yourself the distress of writing one line of reply to this too-long letter. I shall know by your silence that you see this matter and my duty in it as I see them. I shall know that you love me enough to let me do what my own love tells me is best for you. Do not fear, dearest, that that love will prove less because it cannot become a husband's, or that any closer union between us could make it truer, deeper, more devoted, than it is now, and ever will be while life remains.

"Your own

"MAURICE."

Clara Mostyn's tears did not (for a woman) lie very near the surface ; but they were flowing fast enough before her friend had finished.

"Dear fellow !" said Jenny Cardrew placidly, as with deliberate fingers she folded up the letter and replaced it in its envelope. "How nicely he writes. So thoughtful and considerate of him to ask you not to reply, so as to spare you even the pain of accepting his offer. As it is, you have simply to do nothing but wait without writing to him ; and then when he comes next week it will be understood between you that the engagement is off. That is so, — isn't it ?"

"Yes," said Clara, in a dry, hard voice, "yes ; if I don't write."

"If you don't write ? But, my dear, good, absurd Clara, you are surely not going to sit down and dash off a letter to this poor dying man, telling him that you are not the sensible girl he calls you, and that you insist upon marrying him, in spite of all that he has said, and that you would not miss a single post in assuring him that —"

"No, Jenny !" cried Clara, with a flash of anger from her wet eyes that for a moment daunted even the flippant little cynic before her. "Of course, I should not write to him to-night, nor to-morrow either. That would be replying to him in that very spirit of impulse against which this letter, this loving, noble letter of his, was meant to protect me. I shall let at least three days pass before I write to him, so that he may know that my reply has not been written in a mere fit of womanly compassion, but that I thought it over calmly, and that my whole mind and will, my whole heart and soul, go with it."

"But, bless *my* whole heart and soul ! You can't marry the man against his will !"

Clara Mostyn was not vainer than a woman ought to be ; but the notion that a man passionately in love with her could possess any will to be overcome would seem to the least vain of women ridiculous.

The smile with which she replied,

"No ; not *against* his will," had a sublime arrogance which the entire male sex, if present, would have been justified in resenting.

Its only witness, however, being of the speaker's sex, was, of course, in complete sympathy with it, and found her own remark just uttered a little absurd.

"Well, you know what I mean," said she, a little petulantly. "Not against his will, but against his better judgment."

"It would not be against his better judgment, except so far as he is judging for me ; and I shall claim my right to judge for myself."

"He won't accept the sacrifice. He is too unselfish."

"He won't refuse it. He is too just."

"Too just ! What has justice to do with it ?"

"Everything. He has no right to refuse me leave to do what he would do himself if our cases were reversed. Do you suppose he would give up his desire to marry me if it was I who had only a year to live ?"

Jenny looked at her friend with a twinkle of amusement in her restless eye.

"Decidedly, Clara Mostyn," she said, after a moment's silence, "you are either as innocent as a Dresden-china shepherdess or as artful as an imitation one. You cannot really think that the sacrifice would be the same for him as for you, or even that it would be any sacrifice for him at all. Why, what can you suppose that a man would lose by marrying to be left a widower in a year ? whereas for you, with youth, good looks, birth, breeding, manners, temper, accomplishments, friends, and the footing that I could give you in society — everything, in short, except money, to give you at least a fair chance of winning almost any husband you like — for you to throw away the attraction of maidenhood upon a man who, at the end of twelve months, will leave you a widow without a shilling, and only too probably *with* an encumbrance is — is — well, you must know, as well as I do,

Clara, that the two things don't bear a moment's comparison."

It was excellent good sense, and Clara knew it ; and Jenny, seeing that she knew it, could afford to disregard the fact, of which she was equally conscious, that its immediate effect would be, as that of too brutal common sense always is, to inflame sentiment in its momentary resolves. For the shrewd young woman knew also that the reaction in favor of common sense is all the more energetic when sentiment cools down.

And, to allow time for that necessary process, Mrs. Cardrew tripped cheerfully off to an interview with her dress-maker.

III.

A LOVER's eulogy of his mistress is not always a model of critical justice ; but Maurice Gambier's affectionate, if not very impassioned description of Clara as a "dear, good, sensible girl," was about as accurate as need have been. That she was good, with all the goodness of the kindly, honest, equable-tempered English girl of gentle blood, even her worst enemies would hardly have dared to deny ; and only those shallow souls who fancy that a woman must seem cold to her lover because she is undemonstrative to them could have wondered at any man holding her dear. Still, it was true enough that, to many eyes, and those not unfriendly or superficial, her practical good sense seemed just a little too much in evidence — and in evidence, sometimes, at the expense of her sweetness. It must be admitted that whosoever would have included a passionate, uncalculating, self-abandoning devotion in his ideal of womanly love must have pronounced hers deficient. Such an one would, undoubtedly, have found her a little too "sensible" for his taste. It was not that she was incapable of self-sacrifice, even of the heroic order ; but to sacrifice herself without a thought of the consequences was impossible to her. From the very constitution of her character, she was unable to help distinctly seeing, accurately measuring, deliber-

ately weighing, the consequences of any act of self-abnegation that she was called upon either to choose or to decline; and that is a temperament which, while it enhances the merit of self-sacrifice, adds indefinitely to its difficulty. It is an excellent drag, an invaluable brake; but as an impulse to action it leaves a little to be desired. There are some steps in life, as there are some operations in war, which are best performed "at a rush,"—which, indeed, can hardly be performed otherwise; but a rush requires an impetus to start it, and this was precisely what Clara's calm, reflective nature lacked.

One propulsive force it did indeed possess, which would have carried her triumphantly over every obstacle—the force of an inflexible and almost passionate pride. But to this, unfortunately, her lover had, through the course he had adopted, forborne to appeal. Had he come straight to her and told her of his death-sentence, leaving her to act on the information as she thought fit, she would have sooner died than have shown the slightest wavering in her fidelity to their engagement. Her pride would have issued its orders so instantly and so peremptorily that the voice of her reason would never have been heard at all. But how different was the position now! Confronted with a proposal which she could accept without humiliation or discredit,—nay; which would accept itself (so to speak) if she merely held her peace,—she found her judgment free to declare itself; and it did declare itself with discomposing frankness.

Throughout the whole long, restless night it plied her with the assurance that Maurice was right, and that the marriage which they had contemplated had, in very truth, become what he had so candidly called it—"a foolish thing." She was not mercenary in the sense of loving money for itself, or even for the pleasures it could purchase. But she keenly felt the helplessness and dependence of the position which she occupied in the house of her sole surviving relative, a maiden aunt in straitened circumstances, who, with

resignation, but without enthusiasm, had brought her up from childhood; and she had frankly looked forward to a marriage which promised freedom for herself and comfort for her guardian's declining years. How, then, could she leave her, only to return after a short twelvemonth a portionless widow, and to impose the old burden, if not inflict a new one, upon that struggling household? It was impossible—impossible, she repeated to herself, as towards daybreak she sank into a troubled sleep.

She rose in the morning, unrefreshed and undecided; and throughout the whole of a day which her astute hostess strove to fill with as many distractions as possible the struggle between love and prudence still continued. But now, in the egotism of her perplexity, she began at times to feel something almost like resentment at that very magnanimity of her lover which had subjected her to so painful an ordeal. A hundred times did she regret his having written that generous letter. Why, O why, had he not come himself, and told her the sad story unaccompanied by any offer of release? so that the call of duty might have been clear, and pride itself would have thrown her into his arms. Why, O why, had he invested with all the difficulty of heroism what should have been left a simple obligation of honor? Why had he made the path of selfishness so easy and the way of self-sacrifice so hard? No doubt he had acted with the kindest motives in giving her back her freedom; but was it true kindness to liberate her from a constraint which was in itself a source of strength?

And, after all, had he liberated her in any but the merest technical sense of the word? Was it even possible for him to set her free? Nay; did even he himself in reality consider her free? No doubt he fancied that he did. No doubt his advice had been sincerely and seriously given, and in the honest belief that she might follow it without blame, and that he himself would love her none the less if she did. But would he? Did he know himself well enough

to be sure? Did any man know himself so well on a matter of that kind as he was known by the woman who loved him? and was not Clara herself sure, certain, convinced, that, whatever Maurice might think now, she would fall in his estimation if she allowed the engagement to be broken, and take a colder place in his heart?

So the days wore on. The second and the third had passed; and the watchful Mrs. Cardrew noted with satisfaction that no letter had been written. The fourth day came and went; and she began to feel confident that Clara, after all, was going to do "the sensible thing." Yet throughout all four days and until the end of the fifth the struggle had still been going on in Clara's mind, and it was not till the morning of the sixth that it had come to an end. But on that morning she awoke to find, to her surprise, not so much that she had made up her mind, as that her mind (so to speak) had "made up" her; and that she was absolutely, unquestioningly, irrevocably, resolved — to fulfil her engagement.

Clara had undergone one of those experiences which must have convinced many people (who never heard of Schopenhauer) that their inner nature does not consist wholly of an intelligence capable of weighing conflicting motives, and of reporting that this or that is the stronger and must be obeyed; but that in the very mid-stress of such a conflict an impulse from the deeper currents of the stream of being may on a sudden surge upward to the surface of consciousness, and sweep action before it like thistle-down upon a torrent.

The will within her had spoken, and the wrangling contentions of the reason were silenced as summarily as the debates of the Rump by the voice of Cromwell. And with the silencing of them there came a rush of remorseful surprise that she could ever have listened to them at all. Now that that mysterious despot within her who had so long kept silence had at last spoken with such absolute command, his voice appeared to awaken a thousand sleep-

ing echoes in her heart. She listened to them almost with a shudder of shame at the thought of their so long unbroken silence. How could she ever have hesitated? Dear Maurice! Dear, generous, loving Maurice! What else in this world could there be to think of but him? What duty, what interest, what care, but that of watching over him, comforting, sustaining him? What other or higher mission than to brighten that fast-gathering darkness with a woman's love, to smooth with a wife's devotion that pillow which death was so soon to spread?

With so radiant a calm of countenance did Clara meet her friend at the breakfast table that fateful morning that Mrs. Cardrew shot at her a suspicious glance.

Was this, she quickly asked herself, the wholesome contentment of the woman who is going to do "the sensible thing"? or was it the morbid tranquillity of the resolved martyr?

"Well, my dear," she said, in a tone of badinage, selected as the most likely to surprise a confession, "is the heroic letter written yet?"

"No," replied Clara placidly, though with the faintest flicker of a smile at the corners of her mouth. "I am going to do my heroism by word of mouth."

Jenny Cardrew was more reassured by the placidity than discomposed by the smile, or even by the (evidently ironical) remark. After all, Clara *could* not be taking it so coolly if she were really going to make a fool of herself. "She who understands as well as any woman in the world (for she is no romantic schoolgirl) what such a sacrifice would mean."

She finished her breakfast in comparative ease of mind; and only at its conclusion did she throw out another feeler, as though to make assurance doubly sure.

"I wonder you don't write to the poor fellow, Clara," she said.

"My dear Jenny, — why?"

"It would be kinder to him to put an end to his suspense. As you talk about heroism, of course you are going to

marry him; and your silence will make him think you are not."

"Then he'll be all the more pleased to get me," said Clara. And she laughed at seeing how completely her friend had deceived herself into taking sober seriousness for irony. And Jenny, the self-deceived, laughed also.

And, if earthly ears were open to sounds from the world of spirits, the two women might have heard a peal of mocking laughter mingling with their own—the laughter of those satiric imps of destiny who watch the blind moves of mortals on the chess-board of life, and who well knew here that by that light, unthinking decision of hers to speak to her lover instead of writing to him, Clara Mostyn had made shipwreck of her happiness forever.

IV.

AT eleven o'clock on the following morning Jenny Cardrew was sitting in her boudoir, with feet on the fender and a newspaper in her hand. Clara had breakfasted in her own room, and was completing her toilet with just a thought more care than usual in expectation of the momentous interview which was about to take place. But her heart was still light with her new resolve, and she had almost ceased to think of the long-drawn agony of the coming year of doom, in her relief at the thought that she would share that ordeal with her lover. Maurice Gambier had arrived, and with flushed cheek and lighted eye was pacing the drawing-room to and fro, awaiting her appearance. The sound of her descending footsteps was even now audible through the half-open door of the boudoir, when the listless glance which had been indolently travelling down the columns of the newspaper, was suddenly arrested, and Jenny Cardrew, springing to her feet with a sharp exclamation, darted into the hall. Clara's hand was already on the handle of the drawing-room door, when she felt Mrs. Cardrew's agitated touch upon her shoulder.

"One moment, Clara!" whispered the breathless Jenny. "Come in here

for just one moment. I have something to show you. You *must* see it before you go in to him."

Astonished at her friend's unwonted excitement, Clara followed her into her boudoir; and Jenny, without speaking, but with a finger upon the startling paragraph, thrust the newspaper before her eyes.

"We regret," she read, "to announce the death of Colonel John Gambier, which occurred very suddenly yesterday, at his house in Eaton Place. The deceased baronet, who was a well-known figure in sporting circles, had not yet completed his fifty-second year."

Friendship, it is well known, is usually founded upon community of sympathy; but the effect produced upon the two women by this announcement was singularly diverse. Mrs. Cardrew's countenance wore an expression of eager and pleasurable interest; but the color had fled in a moment from Miss Mostyn's face, and the light had faded from her eyes.

"You—you haven't written to him, Clara?" asked Jenny, with sudden misgiving.

"No," came the answer, as slowly uttered as the question had been quickly shot. "No; I haven't written."

"How fortunate!" (with a sigh of relief). "How very fortunate. And you hadn't seen this?"

"No; I have not looked at the paper to-day."

"And you would have met him without knowing anything about Colonel Gambier's death if it hadn't been for me!" exclaimed the exulting Jenny. "Decidedly, Clara, I was born to be your good genius!"

Meetings with a good genius in the flesh are so rare that the rules of correct behavior at such interviews have never been formulated. But Jenny soon began to wonder whether it was the proper thing for a woman to survey her good genius with so stern a silence and with a stare so stony.

"Because, of course," she continued, after a pause, and with a little less elation of manner, "your knowing all

about this — this — well, this melancholy event, before you give Mr. Gambier your final answer, will make all the difference to you, — won't it ?”

Clara had turned to go ; but at these last words she glanced back at the speaker, and said, with what her friend afterwards described as a “strange sort of smile,” —

“My dear Jenny, you have no idea of the difference that it *will* make. I shan't try to explain it to you till I have seen Maurice, and I am not quite sure that I shall be able to make you understand it then.”

And, with a heart full of bitterness at ironical fate, at her hesitating self, and at her officious friend, but with her meditated avowal frozen hard upon her lips, she stood in her lover's presence.

Maurice caught her in his arms, and, in the pathetic strain of the doomed man's embrace, the heart beneath her rigid will gave way. She burst into tears.

“Don't cry, darling,” said Maurice, though with a trembling lip ; “don't cry. I — I thought, I hoped, you would have partly got over the shock by this time.”

Her head sank upon his shoulder, and a great wave of love and pity surged up against the granite sea-wall of her pride.

He led her to a sofa, and sat down by her, his arm still round her waist. She looked at him wistfully from under tear-laden lashes. There was a light of joyous hope in his eyes, and an answering beacon flamed up in her own heart. What if he were about to revoke his offer of release, to ignore her hesitations, and by again pressing for their marriage to unseal her lips, and enable her to avow the resolve to which she had the day before awakened ?

“Clara,” he said, with quiet, eager utterance, “do you know what has happened ? Have you heard ?”

“Do you mean about Colonel Gambier's death ? Yes ; it has just been shown me in the newspaper.”

The answer came upon Maurice as a disappointment. He had hoped that

she would have been ignorant of it, and that in one and the same breath he might have told her of his accession of wealth, and invited her to share it. But now — he paused and looked more closely at her. She had seen the news, then ; and yet — and yet these tidings of his good fortune, this removal of the only obstacle, as it seemed to him, to their marriage, appeared to have given her no pleasure.

A sudden pang shot through him. What if it had *not* been the only obstacle, or even the chief obstacle for her ?

“It's a poorish joke of fortune,” he said grimly, after a moment's pause, “to sentence a man to death and then load him with riches, all within a week.”

The end of Maurice's sentence spoilt the beginning. The hand which was stealing towards his own at the word “death” stopped short at the word “riches.” He noted the arrested movement without divining its true cause, and the chill of despair crept slowly over his heart. Yes ; he was a rich man, but a dying one ; and why should this young, healthy, happy life unite itself with his ?

And in Clara's heart a voice was crying passionately, “Let *him* speak ! It is for him to speak. How can you offer yourself to him now that he is so rich when you refused him while he was poor ? And how can you tell him that while he was yet poor you had resolved to offer yourself to him ? Let him speak first, and you can tell him that. To tell him uninvited would be unendurable humiliation.”

But, alas ! the one possible moment for speech on Maurice's part had passed forever. He sat gloomily wondering at what he now regarded as his own egotistic blindness. It was clear, it had been clear for days that Clara had mentally accepted his offer of release. Why else had she left his letter unanswered, and how should her resolve have been changed by anything that had happened since ? He was rich now ; but what of that ? The money question, it may be, had never dwelt a moment in her mind. It was all very

well for him to have insisted on the imprudence of her marrying poverty ; but she herself might have thought only of the misery, the anguish, the horror of a marriage with impending death. She loved him — yes, perhaps ; but not enough, he bitterly reflected, to face that ordeal. She had plainly told him by her six days' silence that she was unequal to such a self-surrender. Could he insult her now by offering to purchase it ? Never.

And thus, over against that fortress-wall of the woman's pride, so impregnable in aspect, but which a word from Maurice would have laid low, there silently arose another on the side of the man, as strong, as stern, as immovable by anything save a voice, as resolute in silence as her own.

The shadow of either barrier seemed to fall upon the other's face, and beneath it the heart of each grew cold.

There was a long and melancholy silence in the room, which Maurice was the first to break.

"I am leaving England, Clara, the day after John Gambier's funeral, for San Remo."

"For long ?" asked Clara, in a low voice.

"For a month or two. I am not myself yet. I shall be better when I come back — at least, I hope so. But I will write often ; I may — mayn't I ?"

Clara could only motion assent with her low-bent head. Her face was buried in her hands ; her heart seemed bursting ; but her eyes were dry.

Maurice rose to his feet.

"It was too soon," he said, laying a gentle hand on her shoulder. "I feared it would be. Let us say good-bye now ; it is best. It will not be for long."

As in a dream, Clara also rose ; and they stood facing each other with joined hands, and their impenetrable veils of pride held steadily before the yearning fires of their eyes. Then with a sudden movement Maurice drew her towards him, kissed her passionately on the lips, and was gone.

Jenny Cardrew, sitting in her boudoir, heard the closing of the street

door, and went to her window. Maurice more than suspected that a pair of curious eyes would be watching him ; and his step, as he walked down the street, was brisk and firm. Mrs. Cardrew returned, well satisfied, to her easy-chair. "It is all right," she said ; "evidently it is all right. And to think how differently it might all have turned out if I hadn't stopped Clara just in time ! Decidedly, some women are born lucky."

V.

THE summer of another year had waned into autumn ; and Maurice Gambier was back again in his London home, the sands of his life-glass running very low. There is no need to keep the diary of his thoughts. It is an old sort of history which has been often told, dismal to listen to, and terrible (one would think) to "make." Somewhat to his surprise, Maurice had found it less dreadful and more dreary than he expected. That is to say, his spells of acute mental suffering were rarer and shorter ; his intervals of listless hebetude longer and more frequent than he had looked for. He found, also, and again somewhat to his astonishment, that his spiritual hold upon life was not loosening with a rapidity nearly equal to that with which its temporal span was contracting. A philosopher of mystical tendencies would probably have founded upon the phenomenon an argument for the immortality of the soul. Maurice preferred the more rationalistic explanation that he was as deeply in love as ever with Clara Mostyn, and at the same time that she aroused in him a new wonder and curiosity which alone would have sufficed to keep his thoughts fixed upon her constantly. He had seen her but twice since his return from San Remo, and the interviews had been painful and constrained. But she had written, and wrote, to him unceasingly ; and her letters seemed to open fountains of love which, when he was in her presence, she kept sternly sealed.

Again and again he asked himself, in cruel perplexity, how it was that an

affection which appeared so ardent and devoted had been unable to rise to any height of self-sacrifice.

Nor was it any more intelligible to Mrs. Cardrew, to whose busily scheming brain the necessity of bringing these two—the wealthy lover and the penniless mistress—together again, in time, at any rate, for the money to find its way to what Jenny pronounced to be its “natural destination,” seemed more and more urgent every day. She was careful, however, not to think aloud on this side of the subject in her friend’s presence.

“It is evident enough,” she said to herself, “that I did more harm than good by telling Clara the news of Colonel Gambier’s death that morning. She’s a funny girl, and must have repelled Maurice by her manner in some way. What I can’t understand is where *his* pride should have come in. But, anyhow, this sort of lovers’ misunderstanding is only all very well for a week or two. It is absurd to keep it up for a year, especially when it is the last year of a man’s life, and he really has nobody else to leave his money to. Yes,” she added, after a moment’s reflection: “Mr. Gambier is the one to approach.”

And approach him she did, slipping out one day for that purpose, unknown to Clara, who this year was prolonging her usual London season visit to Mrs. Cardrew in that state of painful pre-occupation which makes the victims of it cling to any place of sojourn in which they may find themselves, not from love of it, but from dread of change; the feeling of the man who is afraid to move an injured or a gouty limb lest he should awaken the sleeping pain. Approach him she did, and with so confident an account of Clara’s feelings towards him as brought a flush to his wasted cheek, and lent an added lustre to the too-brightly burning eyes.

He was too ill now to go out; but he begged her to come to him; and Clara came. They both felt it was the last visit; and, indeed, a glance at Maurice might have sufficed to reveal as much even to eyes of less tender solicitude

than hers. He was painfully conscious of the change in himself, and of the contrast with her young health and beauty; and the sense of it chilled him, and his resolve. He had meant to go straight to the point and ask her bluntly whether Mrs. Cardrew was right, and that she would have married him but for a misunderstanding. But the very sight and touch of her soft, warm hand, as it rested on his fleshless fingers unnerved him. To talk of marriage between her and such as he seemed too ghastly, and he thrust his original purpose from him with something like a shudder.

Clara sat beside him, talking, as was her wont, with resolute cheerfulness; but she, too, seemed conscious to-day of some subject which strove to force itself forward, but must be kept back. An hour passed—an hour and a half—two hours; and Maurice had not brought himself to speak.

At last, by an effort which she strove to conceal, but vainly, Clara rose to go.

“I am tiring you, Maurice,” she said, speaking quickly, for fear her voice should shake.

“No,” he answered, in a low voice; “it is I who am tiring you.”

She shook her head and sank once more into her chair, beside his sofa.

Maurice turned towards her, and took both her hands in his.

“Clara,” he said, in a tone that thrilled her, “there is something I must say to you—to-night, before you go. I may never—there may never be another opportunity.”

He felt the quivering of her hands in his; but he went on steadily enough.

“You have been very kind to me, and I am very selfish; but I cannot help longing even now—with all my soul—now that I am bidding farewell to you for—well, perhaps forever—that things had turned out differently, so that, that you might—you might have been with me to the last.”

Clara was trembling now from head to foot; but she uttered no word.

“They say that life is a dream,” he went on, “and death an awakening; and perhaps I am a fool to run the risk

of dispersing the brightest vision in my own life-dream before I die. But, Clara, I have thought sometimes, and more than ever of late, that things might have turned out differently but for—but for a misunderstanding—that you loved me enough even to marry me, a year ago, poor doomed wretch that I was, if it had not been for——”

He stopped; Clara's head had sunk on his shoulder, and her hand had stolen to his lips.

“O, hush! dear Maurice! Hush! hush! It is too late now—too late—too late.”

Maurice, however, did not need silencing. It was enough that she had not spoken. His own pride, strong even in death, was again up in arms, and not a word more would he have uttered. But as for Clara's pride, it had melted away. Not this any longer, but remorse and ruth and bitter self-reproach, it was that kept her silent. It had been her part to speak, her accusing conscience cried, when speech would have profited; let her at least refrain from it now when it would be more than useless. How—how could she tell him now that it was through her, the foolish and cruel hardness of her heart, that he was passing in loneliness to the grave?

“O, Maurice! I love you! I love you!” she cried passionately. “Believe me that no wife could love you more dearly than I.”

And Maurice received and returned her caresses with a solemn tenderness that added to her anguish—with a soothing, parental kind of sweetness that said more plainly than words, “Yes; with a love as dear as a wife's, perhaps; yet—not the same.”

It was with the gentle reproach of this unspoken utterance ringing through her heart that Clara rose from her farewell embrace, and hurried, weeping, from the house; but, before she reached Mrs. Cardrew's, she had undergone another revulsion of feeling, and the confession which she had withheld in her shame for herself, and out of pity for her lover, now appeared to her in the light of a duty to both.

“Why, Clara!” exclaimed Mrs. Car-

drew, after her sharp eyes had rested a moment on the tear-stained countenance of her friend, “you have not told him after all.”

The crisis was too grave for any concealment, and she went on with increasing agitation:—

“I see it in your face. I am sure of it. And you are going to let that poor fellow die without telling him that——”

“No; I am not,” struck in Clara abruptly. “I am not quite so hard as you think me; nor as soft, either, in the way of shrinking from pain.”

And sitting down to the writing-table, she poured out her whole soul to him in one remorseful letter. She told him frankly of her five days' hesitation, and of her final resolve; then of the hurried but fatal colloquy with Mrs. Cardrew the moment before their interview, and of the “proper pride” (though she did not call it so) which had prevented her making to the rich man the avowal which she had withheld from the poor one. In short, she told him all; and Jenny Cardrew, as she read the letter handed to her, breathed again.

Once more she saw herself playing, and this time with real success, the rôle of the “good genius.” Her elation got the better of her discretion.

“Thank Heaven, Clara!” she exclaimed, “you have recovered your senses at last, and it looks this time as if my efforts to bring about a *rapprochement* would really not be thrown away.”

“Your efforts!” cried Clara, facing suddenly about, and confronting her friend.

At any other moment Jenny's heart would have misgiven her at the tone and manner in which this was said; but she was now too full of her triumph.

“Yes; *my* efforts, dear,” she replied proudly. “It was I who hinted to him, like the good, faithful friend I am, what I believed to be your feelings towards him; and, though it would have been kinder, I think, if you had confessed them to him by word of mouth, yet still that letter, if it is less satisfactory, sentimentally speaking, will

answer all practical purposes. And of course you know," she added, with somewhat uneasy playfulness, "that it was the practical results of reconciling you two which appealed most strongly to your very business-like friend, Jenny Cardrew."

"I don't understand you," said Clara slowly.

"I dare say you don't," replied Mrs. Cardrew, somewhat impatiently; "you wouldn't; but you will before long, when—when—well, when Mr. Gambier's will comes to be read."

For the second time the words of the good genius produced this same strange effect. This subject of this beneficial tutelage turned deadly pale.

"Give me the letter," said Clara; and, taking it from the astonished Mrs. Cardrew's hand, she walked to the fireplace, and dropped it into the heart of the glowing coals.

Just eight days after Clara's avowal had blazed to ashes, Jenny Cardrew stood in her boudoir with an open letter in her hand. It had come as a sealed enclosure in a large, legal-looking envelope, by the side of which its covering letter lay opened on the table. The enclosure bore date of the day after Clara's interview with Maurice, and ran as follows:—

"MY OWN DEAREST CLARA, —

"I am writing these lines to be forwarded to you in a separate envelope together with the letter which will inform you of the contents of my will, and which my solicitor has received instructions to write to you immediately after my death.

"I shrink so much from the thought of your pain, and from the pain of causing it, that I did not tell you last night that the kiss you gave me at parting was a kiss of last farewell. But it was so. We shall meet no more on earth. As for me, I have outlived my last illusion, and I am glad to go. Do not think me ungrateful, dear, for the constant kindness and affection with which you have done so much to

hearten and sustain me for the last year; but until last night I still clung to the hope—and some words of Mrs. Cardrew's strengthened it—that, after all, it might have been some mere misunderstanding that kept us apart; that even after my death-sentence you loved me enough to marry me, but that by an unlucky chance you heard of the change of my fortune before you had spoken, and that then pride kept you silent.

"But, after last night, I know that that was a delusion of mine and a mistake of Mrs. Cardrew's; for if it had been so you would not, you could not, have denied the joy and comfort of such an avowal to a dying man. You have done what you could, dearest; and it has been much. God bless you for it. Good-night, and good-bye.

"MAURICE."

"Dear fellow!" said Jenny Cardrew sweetly; "what a nice letter! So generous and forgiving; and I dare say," she went on, taking up the blue covering letter which lay before her, "I dare say this is equally kind—kinder than you deserve, I suspect, my dear. Perhaps a legacy of a thousand pounds."

The paper fell from her hands. Maurice Gambier had willed the whole of his rich heritage from his uncle—eighty thousand pounds, at least, as that "calculating" young woman rapidly computed—to Clara Mostyn absolutely.

"Well!" exclaimed Jenny, after an almost awe-stricken pause. "Well! of all the wayward girls who ever tried to fly in the face of fortune and couldn't, you are, beyond all comparison, the most wayward and the most lucky! Clara Mostyn, you were born to fall on your feet."

The metaphor was not at that moment a very appropriate one, for Clara was lying face downwards on the sofa. Two or three times during her friend's reading of the letter her shoulders had been shaken with a convulsive sob; but now for some minutes they had been still. It was only on approaching and touching her that Jenny Cardrew found

she was insensible, and, wondering more than ever at the perversities of the fortunate, rang the bell for her maid.

H. D. TRAILL.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE RECENT ECLIPSE.

THE total eclipse of the sun which took place on April 15-16 is in some respects the most remarkable event of the kind in the present century; certainly no other like phenomenon occurring within the next decade will equal it in the presentation of exceptionally favorable conditions. It is obvious that there are two criteria by which we may judge of the suitability of an eclipse of the sun for the purposes of the astronomer; the first relates to the astronomical conditions, and the second to those of a merely geographical character. Of course it must be understood that any eclipse which would disclose information sufficient to justify despatching an expedition for thousands of miles must be total. There is but little to be learned from any observations at a place from whence the disc of the sun appears only partly obscured by the interposition of the moon. Such an opportunity may, indeed, enable accurate determinations of the relative positions of the sun and the moon to be obtained which are often of service in our efforts to improve the tables by which the movements of the moon are calculated. But this object is of very slight importance compared with those which chiefly occupy our attention during a total eclipse. The primary question in determining the astronomical value of a total eclipse relates to the duration of the phase in which the obscurity is total. Tested by this standard, the phenomenon which has just occurred is one of exceptional value. The phase of "totality" lasted for four minutes forty seconds on the east coast of Brazil. This may seem, indeed, but a short time in which to commence and complete an elaborate series of observations and measurements; but by skilful organization of the work it is now pos-

sible for a corps of experienced observers to effect, even in this very limited time, an amount of careful work that would greatly surprise any one who was not acquainted with the resources of modern scientific methods. Indeed, on former occasions many successful eclipse observations have been made when the period of totality has been much less than that just stated. Even in the recent event which we are now considering, other stations in which the duration of totality has been much below the maximum have been occupied apparently with much advantage. Thus in Chili totality lasts for two minutes fifty-six seconds. It is nine seconds longer in Argentina. It reaches the maximum for available terrestrial statistics on the east coast of Brazil; but the actual maximum duration of four minutes forty-eight seconds would be observed from a point some hundreds of miles off in the Atlantic. On the west coast of Africa, at Senegal, the duration is four minutes ten seconds. Expeditions from various nations have been despatched to the countries we have named. So far as the results are yet to hand, they indicate that on the whole there has been a degree of success which amply repays the trouble that has been taken and the expense that has been incurred.

To realize the conditions under which the eclipse is produced we must remark that, wherever the moon may happen to be, it bears at all times a long, conical shadow projected behind it. The cone comes to a point at a distance which varies somewhat, but is about a quarter of a million miles from the moon. For the production of a total eclipse of the sun it is necessary that the eye which observes should be somewhere within the cone of shadow. Even when the moon does come in between the earth and the sun it will sometimes happen that the shadow cone is too short to touch the earth, in which case an annular eclipse will result. Sometimes, however, owing to the varying distances of the sun and the moon from the earth this cone does extend far enough to reach the earth, and then observers

who happen to occupy any spot in the shadow will have a total eclipse presented to them.

About 1 P.M. Greenwich time, on Sunday, 16th April, the sun was rising in the Pacific Ocean in a state of total eclipse, the moon casting a deep black shadow on the shining waters around. This shadow was at first oval in form, and the shortest diameter extended some ninety miles north and south. The black patch then commenced its great eastward journey, and presently reached land on the coast of South America. The local time was then about half past seven in the morning at the point of arrival on the coast of Chili, in 30° south latitude. Professor Pickering was among the first of an ardent corps of astronomers ready to greet the total eclipse and to utilize to the utmost the advantages of an early station. Then the shadow began its journey across the South American Continent. With a speed of something like three thousand miles an hour, far swifter than any rifle bullet ever moved, the silent obscurity sweeps across wide deserts in the interior, and then over the noble rivers and glorious forests of Brazil, to quit the land after the sojourn of barely an hour. Along its track it has been watched in two or three places by interested observers armed with spectroscopes, photographic cameras, and the other paraphernalia of the modern astronomer. Doubtless the sudden gloom caused no little dismay to many a tribe of savages in the deep interior of tropical America. We may also conjecture that other creatures besides man will have had their share of astonishment. Darwin and Bates have charmed all readers by their exquisite delineation of those virgin forests of Brazil, where organic nature is developed with a luxuriance which those whose rambles have been confined to sterner climes have never been able to experience. Probably in Brazil, as elsewhere under similar conditions, tender plants evinced their belief that night had prematurely arrived. Beautiful flowers no doubt closed their petals as they are wont to do after sunset. Other flowers, again,

which open out at night to solicit the attention of moths, to whom the darkness is congenial, doubtless began to expand their charms. With the advancing gloom such plants as emit their delicious perfume only when the glory of the day has vanished will have been likewise deceived by this eclipse, as they have been known to be on other occasions of a like kind. We can also speculate on the amazement which the total eclipse must have produced among the various races of animals. The great flocks of Brazilian macaws must have wondered why the time for going to roost has indeed arrived again so soon. The chattering monkeys and the skulking jaguar will have been sorely puzzled; while the marvellous nocturnal insect life which Mr. Bates has so forcibly described will have been deceived into temporary vitality. For some minutes it may be reasonably assumed that the forest depths must have resounded with those myriad notes of crickets and grasshoppers which appear to be one of the most striking features of night in the tropics.

Quitting the east coast of America, the lunar shadow took an Atlantic voyage. It crossed the ocean at perhaps its narrowest part, and may have buried in its gloom many a vessel whose crew gazed with astonishment at the unwonted spectacle. Here the conditions of good observation, so far as celestial requirements are concerned, would have been of the most desirable nature. The sun would be right overhead and the fervid glories of the equatorial noon would have been suspended for the space of nearly five minutes. Splendid indeed must have been the view of the corona obtained by those who were fortunate enough to have been in the right position on the ocean, with a clear sky overhead. But from the astronomer's point of view the observations which can be made on board ship are of but little importance; the deck does not offer the stable foundations that are required for elaborate photographic or spectroscopic apparatus. For the space of an hour, therefore, while this ocean passage was in progress,

there were but few opportunities, if indeed any, for valuable contributions of facts to illustrate our theories of the corona. The speed with which the shadow traversed the sea happens to be not so great as that with which it crossed South America. The consequence is, that rather more than an hour was occupied by the journey of the shadow from the American coast to the African coast. This ocean distance is only about half as long as the track pursued across the South American continent. Nevertheless, in consequence of the decline in speed about the middle of the eclipse, the time required by the ocean journey happens to have been about the same as that needed for the previous land journey. A few minutes after half past three, Greenwich time, on Sunday, 16th, the shadow reached land again, on the African coast, near the river Gambia, about north latitude 15° . Here the eclipse was destined to receive a cordial welcome from the bands of astronomers who were ready to receive it. Sweeping onwards with a pace which had now begun again to accelerate, the shadow advances into the interior of Africa, keeping below the parallel of 20° , and gradually curving southwards. At four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the position from whence totality was to be observed had advanced to the east of the meridian of Greenwich. The end of the phenomenon was now rapidly approaching; the last glimpse that could be had of it from this globe would have been from the desert of Sahara, where, just at the moment of sunset, the phase of totality was reached. At a quarter past four, the eclipse ceased to be total anywhere, but an hour longer had yet to elapse before the partial eclipse had vanished from the globe.

It is plain that the best sites, so far as astronomical conditions are concerned, must be those where the duration of totality is as long as practicable. To secure them, we must occupy sites which lie as nearly as possible in the middle of a strip, eighty miles wide, extending from the South Pacific to the

middle of Sahara. It fortunately happens that on this occasion those localities where the astronomical conditions are favorable also turn out to be those where the geographical conditions are suitable and comparatively convenient. At Chili, in Argentina, in Brazil, and on the African coast, astronomers have been able to obtain a series of admirable positions, not often paralleled in eclipse observations. One special advantage offered by this chain of observing stations should be particularly noticed. It is a question of considerable importance to examine the nature of the changes which take place in the corona. It has sometimes been thought that such changes frequently occur with extreme rapidity. No doubt, when we remember the scale of the objects involved, it will hardly be imagined that in the brief interval of four or five minutes, during which the eclipse lasts, any variation in the corona should have taken place considerable enough to be recognized from the distance at which we are placed. If, however, the photographs obtained at Chili and in Africa should turn out to have been as successful as we have now good reason to hope, then we shall have the opportunity of carefully examining whatever changes may have taken place in the corona in the interval between the time of totality in Chili and the time of totality in Africa. As we have pointed out, this period is no less than two and a half hours. In this respect, the advantage offered by the present eclipse is almost unique, for though on other occasions observations of totality may have been possible for a number of seconds greater than those at either of the stations we have named, yet the circumstance of having in the same eclipse two occupied stations so widely separated as the western coast of North Africa and the western coast of South America is quite an exceptional advantage.

And now as to the problems which astronomers have proposed to themselves to solve when undertaking the observations of the recent eclipse of the sun. The history of modern as-

tronomy makes it plain that a remarkable change has taken place in the nature of the questions which specially demand attention during such phenomena. Twenty-five years ago a total eclipse was regarded as of special value, as it afforded us the opportunity of investigating those remarkable prominences or colored flames round the sun's margin which were then considered to be visible by no other method save that offered by the occasional occurrence of an eclipse. Attention was no doubt also directed in the earlier eclipses to the silvery corona which stretched from the sun to such a vast distance into the surrounding space. The corona, though a permanent appendage of the sun, was only to be recognized when by the direct interposition of the moon the light of the sun was cut off, and in the gloom thus arising the radiance of the corona became readily and even brightly discernible. But the memorable discovery made by Janssen and Lockyer, independently, in 1868, showed that the prominences could be observed without the help of an eclipse, by the happy employment of the peculiar refrangibility of the rosy light which these prominences emit. This improvement in observational astronomy revolutionized the method of utilizing eclipses. We are now so well acquainted with the forms of the prominences by the spectroscopic method that the eclipses have but little to teach us. Of course it will be admitted that there are many circumstances with regard to these objects as to which we at present know but very little; however, we do not look in any considerable degree to eclipses for their solution. Quite recently a further extension has been given to the spectroscopic method of studying solar prominences by the beautiful invention of Professor Hale of Chicago. He has employed a very elaborate apparatus by which he is able, as it were, to sift out from the sunlight the beams of that particular refrangibility which astronomers would denote by saying it belonged to the H line of the spectrum. With the light so chosen Professor Hale

obtains a photograph. It so happens that in the light of this particular hue—an invisible hue, it may be added, only perceptible to the peculiar sensibility of the photographic plate—the prominences are peculiarly rich. It follows that when all other light is withdrawn, as Professor Hale's method enables him to do, the ordinary solar light remaining has become so much weakened that it is no longer able to quench the beams from the prominences, and hence these are able to imprint an image on the photographic plate. Thus we can now obtain—not, as heretofore, merely isolated views of special prominences through the widely opened slit of the spectroscope—but we are furnished after a couple of minutes' exposure, with a complete photograph of the prominences surrounding the sun. In Professor Hale's remarkable pictures, not only is every large prominence exhibited with ample detail, but the incandescent region of the chromosphere from which these prominences arise is also recorded with accuracy.

It may therefore be said that with this admirable process available the eclipse is no longer of much account for the purpose of instructing us as to the prominences. No doubt a pleasing picture of these objects may be afforded. Professor Pickering, indeed, describes them as of much interest on the recent occasion; but the attention of the eclipse observer in the present day is almost wholly directed in a different direction.

For the corona is still only known to us by such opportunities as eclipses present. No doubt attempts have been made by photographic methods of various kinds to enable the corona to be brought within our scrutiny under ordinary circumstances. Up to the present, however, success is not claimed to have rewarded these efforts. The sunlight is so intense that if it be reduced sufficiently by any artifice, the coronal light also suffers so much abatement that, owing to its initial feebleness, it ceases altogether to be visible. We are therefore wholly dependent on eclipses

for accessions to our knowledge of the corona, so it will not be a matter of surprise that on the recent occasion the attention of the different parties has been almost entirely concentrated on the minute scrutiny of the corona by every device which is likely to throw light on its nature.

The astronomers of Great Britain had, as usual, taken a leading part in organizing plans for the purpose of observing this eclipse. A joint committee of the Royal Society, and of the Royal Astronomical Society, has had general charge of the arrangements. The sinews of war have been chiefly provided from that liberal grant of £4,000 a year which the State places at the disposal of the Royal Society for furthering the interests of science in such ways as may seem most advantageous.

Assistance of other kinds has been also forthcoming. The owners of valuable instruments have, in many cases, placed them at the disposal of the observers. The Admiralty has provided such facilities of transport as were needed to attain out-of-the-way places. The comity of nations has also been illustrated by the readiness with which the authorities of the French and Brazilian governments respectively have complied with the requests made to them. They have afforded accommodation and courtesies to the parties on the coast of Brazil and in the French territory on the African coast to which the two British expeditions have been despatched.

A careful study of the meteorological conditions of the different localities was a necessary preliminary to the choice of stations. For it need hardly be said that, however suitable a station may have appeared to be from the astronomical facts of long duration and of high altitude of sun, yet if the locality in question were one likely to be obscured by clouds it would be somewhat improvident to despatch an expedition to a place where the chances of success were so greatly jeopardized. Perhaps the most elaborate study of the meteorological conditions bearing on the

question is contained in a paper contributed by Prof. David P. Todd to the *Meteorological Journal*. In this he brings together a mass of information collected from divers authentic sources. The inhabitants of Chili were able to report that the observations of any celestial phenomena which take place in April were almost certain to be made in a cloudless sky. Indeed it appears that in the mountainous regions of that favored climate the atmospheric conditions are almost ideally perfect for the purposes of the astronomer. The course of the shadow then lay through Argentina, where the residents assure us that April is the best month in the year for clear atmosphere and light skies, and that it could only be by some exceptional misfortune that the observers would meet with disappointment. Reading this in any other spring than this present season of extraordinary mildness and purity, we dwellers in these latitudes would feel envious of those whose homes lay in climates when a cloudy day in April was spoken of as a wholly exceptional misfortune. In Paraguay, which the shadow next traversed, it seems that meteorological zeal has not yet been kindled. No accurate information as to the clouds or weather to be expected in April was forthcoming in response to Mr. Todd's urgent inquiries. In despair of being able to offer climatic inducements to the expedition he expresses a hope that any eclipse party despatched there might include zealous naturalists. To them he thinks that the attractions offered by pumas, jaguars, cobras, and cross vipers in abundance may "offset the possible loss of the corona to the astronomer." But it may well be doubted whether the enthusiasm of the astronomer, who studies with much interest *Serpens* and *Draco* in the skies, will have been sufficient to have induced him to journey all the way to Paraguay in expectation of becoming acquainted with their terrestrial representatives, possibly on closer terms than he could desire.

At Brazil, where the astronomical conditions are of the best, the risk of

clouds was considerable. It seems that about half of the days in April on the coast at Para Cura are likely to be obscured. Fortunately, however, the observers were favored with good weather. It is, moreover, possible that stations in the interior of Brazil, where their conditions are more favorable, have also been occupied by observers. Pains had also been taken to determine the probable cloudiness at this season along the Atlantic track followed by the shadow. Now that the phenomenon is over there is no necessity for alluding to more than the final result of the inquiries. They showed that the probability of a clear sky at midday in April at any point along the track followed by the eclipse from Ceara, where the central line leaves the coast in Brazil, to Gambia, on the other side of the Atlantic, is about one half.

It was not possible to obtain any very definite information as to the extent of April cloudiness in the interior parts of Africa which were passed over by the lunar shadow ere it quitted the earth finally. It seems, however, impossible to doubt that an expedition might have been despatched to some locality in the far interior of Senegal or Sahara, where the atmospheric conditions would have been excellent. The advantage of occupying such a position would have been obvious. A continuous chain of observations of the corona would then have been available from the time the sun was rising on the coast of South America to the time of sunset in Sahara. The great advantage of such an expedition would have been that it would have afforded an opportunity for testing in the completest manner whether the corona submitted to these rapid changes in the few hours to which we have already referred. The present eclipse was admirably suited for this investigation, for the terrestrial conditions were such as to enable the observations to be made both at the beginning and the end of the phenomenon. Further, as the sun-spots are now very abundant, it is presumed that the sun is at present in a condition of exceptional activity, and consequently

it seemed reasonable to suppose that, in sympathy with what was going on below, the corona would be in a disturbed state at present. Unfortunately, however, it has not been found practicable on this occasion to make use of the extreme end of the track of the shadow.

The English Brazilian party, consisting of Messrs. Taylor and Shackleton, were stationed at Para Cura. The African party was organized on a somewhat larger scale. Professor Thorpe was placed in command of it, and he was accompanied by Lieutenant Hills, R.E., Sergeant Kearney, R.E., and Messrs. Fowler, Gray, and Forbes, from the Royal College of Science. They were despatched to Bathurst, thence to make their way to a station in French Senegambia only a few miles south of the central line of totality.

It would be impossible for us to describe fully in this paper the different lines of observation which have been undertaken by the several members of the two parties. I can only just mention one or two of the special classes of work which, so far as the information yet received is available, seem to have been successfully accomplished. As the pictures of the corona vary so much with the instrument employed, it is clearly desirable to have some means of discriminating between the actual changes which may have taken place in the structure of the corona itself between one eclipse and the next, and those changes in the representation of it which merely arise from instrumental differences. There is no means of attaining this end so simply and so securely as to provide that the same photographic apparatus shall be used on each occasion. For this reason it is satisfactory to learn that the corona has been photographed in Africa on Sunday, the 16th instant, with the same four-inch lense of sixty inches focus which was used in Egypt in 1882, in the Caroline Islands in 1883, in Granada in 1886 and in the Salut Islands in 1889. We have thus a connected series of pictures of the corona, taken as far as possible under similar conditions, extending over a period of eleven years.

Particular interest will be attached to the department of work assigned to Mr. Fowler in Africa. He has photographed the spectrum of the corona, produced by placing a glass prism in front of an object-glass of six inches aperture. If his pictures are as successful as we hope they will prove to be on development, they ought to throw much light on the nature of the corona. The peculiar advantage of this method of observing is that for each source of light of special refrangibility in the corona a distinct image of the corona will be impressed on the plate. If, for example, the coronal light was of that strictly monochromatic type which the light of certain nebulae appears to be, then the coronal photograph as produced through the prism would represent the details of the structure in a single definite picture. If, however, as seems much more likely, the corona diffused light of two or more different refrangibilities, then separate pictures of it would be depicted in distinct positions on the plate, in correspondence with each of the constituent rays. The several pictures that are thus obtained would be indications of the different kinds of light of which the corona was composed. So far as these various simulacra can be discriminated and interpreted, they will afford indications of the material constituents of the luminous substances from which they originate. It need not be expected that these several pictures should resemble each other. If the different parts of the corona contain different elements in their constitution, as is certainly most probable, then the several pictures will evidence this by their difference in outline. No doubt the different photographs may to some extent overlap, but though this will interfere with the pictorial effect, it will not prevent their interpretation in the sense that is instructive to the astronomer.

One of the most remarkable features in the structure of the corona is the presence of streamers or luminous rays extending from the north and south poles of the sun. These rays are generally more or less curved, and it is

doubtful whether the phenomena they exhibit are not in some way a consequence of the rotation of the sun. This consideration is connected with the question as to how far the corona itself shares in that rotation of the sun with which astronomers are familiar. I should perhaps rather have said—that rotation of the sun's photosphere, which, as the sun-spots prove, is accomplished once every twenty-five days. Even this shell of luminous matter does not revolve as a rigid mass would do. By some mysterious law the equatorial portions accomplish their revolution in a shorter period than is required by those zones of the photosphere which lie nearer the north and south poles of the luminary. As to how the parts of the sun which are interior to the photosphere may revolve, we are quite ignorant. Nor does there seem much likelihood of any discoveries being made which will clear up this matter. Up to the present we have no means of knowing to what extent the corona shares in the rotation. It would seem certain that the lower parts which lie comparatively near the surface must be affected by the rapid rotation of the photosphere. But it is very far from certain that this rotation can be shared in to any great extent by these parts of the corona which lie at a distance from the sun's surface as great as the solar radius or diameter. The study of the photographs may be expected to throw some light on this subject; especially will this be the case if the pictures taken at different parts of the track at an interval of two hours or more admit of satisfactory comparison.

The spectroscopic testimony forms of course an exclusive source of information as to the nature of the elementary bodies present in the corona. Up to the present it must be admitted that our knowledge on this subject is rather of a negative character. The spectroscope has hitherto mainly afforded us indication of elements which seem to be undeterminable by our knowledge of terrestrial chemistry. Professor Schuster, after a careful discussion of the evidence afforded by other eclipses,

has come to the conclusion that it is not at present possible to identify the lines specially characteristic of the corona spectrum with those of any known terrestrial substances. Indeed, the corona presents a curious green line that seems to denote some invariable constituent in the sun's outer atmosphere; but the element to which this green line owes its origin is wholly unknown. It has been conjectured that it is due to some body present in the sun which is unknown to terrestrial chemists. The elucidation of this question is from every point of view one of the most interesting problems in solar physics.

The information to hand assures us that the observers under Professor Thorpe on the west coast of Africa, have been favored with weather which permitted them to carry out almost their entire programme. Of course, until the photographs have been developed and studied it will not be possible to pronounce emphatically as to the information they have attained. With the success at Para Cura, and of Professor Pickering on the other side of South America, there is excellent reason for the hope that the eclipse just over will result in invaluable accessions to astronomical knowledge.

R. S. BALL.

From Temple Bar.

IDLE HOURS IN PÉRIGORD.

It is August, and I have entered into possession of a small house beside the Dordogne at Beynac, a village partly crouching beneath a very high rock, and partly built upon its terraces or ledges up to the inner wall of a feudal castle that was much modified and refashioned in later ages under the pressure of two forces: time, that ruins, and the eternal striving of each generation to attain its own ideal of comfort and elegance. But the grand old keep still rears its rectangular mass behind and far above the later masonry, and when the evening sun shines upon it, the stones, no longer grey, wear again their bright color of six or seven centuries

ago. Presently, as the glow moves higher, the battlements and machicolations take a golden clearness that marks every detail against the blue depth of sky whose fire is fading and preparing to change into the calm splendor that mingles with the dusk. Between the base of the rock and the river is just space enough for a road, which is dazzlingly white now, and well powdered with dust; but in winter it not infrequently disappears under water. On the opposite shore, above a shelving beach of yellow pebbles and a broken line of osiers, stretch meadows that are intensely green in spring, and would be quickly so again if rain were to fall; but now they are very brown, and the long-tailed sheep that wander over them, tinkling their bells, like to keep near the Dordogne, where they can moisten their mouths from time to time, and thus help themselves to imagine that they are eating grass. Beyond the reach of meadow, almost at the foot of high wooded hills which mark the boundary of the valley on that side, is a modern *château*; but the architect found his model for it in the past when castles were more picturesque than comfortable. When the amber-tinted towers are seen through the haze of a summer morning against the background of wooded hill, one thinks that in just such a castle as this Tasso or Spenser would have put an enchantress, whose wiles, combined with the indolent influence of the valley, few pilgrim knights taking the eastward way to Roc-Amadour would have been able to resist.

I found the valley so hot in this month of August that, having reached Beynac, I felt no inclination to go any farther. I thought I would stop there until cooler weather came, and live meanwhile principally in the Dordogne. Several families from different parts of Périgord had already come here to spend a mildly exciting and not too costly river season, and there they were — fathers, mothers, sons and daughters splashing in the blue tepid water, with their clothes laid carefully in little heaps upon the pebbly beach or upon

the brown grass by the osiers. Despising the shelter which in more fashionable watering-places is thought indispensable, they lazily undressed and dressed in the open air with an appreciation of sunshine and regardlessness of apparel that was almost lizard-like in its freedom from conventional restraint. I was charmed by the spectacle as I meditated upon the opposite bank. The more I meditated the better I liked the idea of tarrying in a spot where Arcadian simplicity of life was so unaffectedly cultivated. I resolved that I too would take a house at Beynac if there was one to be had, and that I would have what I term my "family caravan" brought up here from that part of France where I had last seen it. At the *auberge* — the only one in the place — I learnt that there was but a single house still vacant, and that it was not a very beautiful one. A young fisherman started off barefoot to fetch the owner from his village, four miles away. The country had to be scoured for him, so that it was long before he showed himself.

While waiting I went out and amused the fish in the Dordogne by pointing a borrowed rod at them and tempting them with the fattest house-flies I could find, but as soon as they saw the bait they all turned their tails to it. My angling was a complete failure. And yet there were multitudes of fish swimming on the surface; the water seemed alive with them. I concluded that they were observing a solemn fast.

At length the fisherman returned, looking very hot and dusty, and of course thirsty. He was accompanied by a hard-baked man of about sixty — a peasant apparently, but one who had put on his best clothes in view of an important bargain that was to be made. He had cunning little eyes, and a mouth that seemed to have acquired from many ancestors, and from the habits of a lifetime, a concentrated expression of rustic chicanery which told me that no business was to be done with him without a fight. He led the way to his house, which was on the road just above the river. I came to terms with

him for a month, after the expected fight; but it was not until he had gone away that I began to realize that I had not distinguished myself by my wisdom in this transaction. Even the villagers, who are not dainty in the matter of lodging, described the house as a *baraque*. It gave me the same impression when I saw the inside of it, but I closed my eyes to its drawbacks because I had taken a fancy to Beynac, and this was the only furnished dwelling to be obtained there. I thought all the little drawbacks belonging to it, such as the rustic hearth to cook upon, pots with holes in them, rusty frying-pans, deficiency of crockery, and more than a sufficiency of fleas would be overcome somehow, as they had been elsewhere during my peregrinations in out-of-the-way districts, where the traveller who nurses his dignity, and has a proper regard for the comforts of life, never thinks of stopping. But things did not settle down this time quite so quickly as I had expected. After the arrival of the "caravan" I took to fishing — always with the same rod borrowed of the blacksmith-innkeeper — with a zeal that I had not known since I was a boy. I found that things settled down better when I was out of the way. But there was something that settled down only too rapidly. This was the kitchen floor. There was a bare rock at the back of the house over which a little runnel of water gently trickled. In the wet season it lost all modesty and made a lake that rose above the boards and tried to find an exit by the back of the chimney. This explained why the fire needed two days' coaxing and blowing before it would burn, notwithstanding that our servant had been reared in the knowledge of such chimney-places and their humors. It also explained why somebody's foot went through the floor in a fresh place two or three times a day. At the end of the first week one had to stride or jump over half-a-dozen chasms to get from one side to another. About the same time four or five of the lower stairs gave way from rotteness, so that it needed no little agility to reach the bedrooms. The old man had to come

and mend his house, and because he had a guilty conscience he brought a basket of figs with him ; but, instead of owning that the wood was rotten, he insinuated that it had been maliciously danced upon.

But the heat was the worst tribulation. The house, with all its windows without *persiennes* — a detail I had quite overlooked — faced the south, so that during the hottest hours of the day the sun was full upon it, and the heat was over one hundred degrees Fahrenheit in the shade. It was the most scorching August that had been known even in the south of France for years. The recollection of those burning hours in that shanty will be ever green. Nevertheless, the time spent at Beynac left some pleasant memories. The days were fiery, and when the south wind blew, almost suffocating ; but when the sun went down into the west there usually came a beneficent change. During the few minutes that the golden circle lay seemingly upon the edge of the world, a boat crossing the river appeared to glide over unfathomable depths of splendor ; then gradually over the fields of maize and tobacco, and where the yellow stubble of the corn long since reaped had been left, there spread the deep-toned lustre of evening — divinest light in nature. As the brown dusk filled the valley, and under the sombre walnut-trees the wayside cross became like the spectre of one, shrill voices of old women were heard calling the geese and turkeys that still lingered in the fields. The geese were often left to come home by themselves, after spending the day along the banks of the river. They belonged to various people, but, being eminently sociable birds, they started off together in flocks of fifty or more. Although there must have been causes of jealousy and rivalry among them, they never seemed to quarrel. They knew when it was time to go home by the falling light, and in the dusk I often met them marching along the road like a regiment of soldiers. As they reached houses to which some of them belonged, detachments would fall out and the others

would go on. Every bird would return to the place which had for it the sweet associations of its gosling innocence.

It is now night — the calm summer night without a moon, but spangled with stars. Among those which the Dordogne reflects and holds as if they were its own is the planet Mars, which gleams redly in the midst of a swarm of lesser yellow lights. The river here is broad and still ; there is not ripple enough to make a beam tremble. If the stars in the water flash, it is because the rays are flashed from above. Just below the village there are rapids, and a faint murmur comes up from them, but it is borne under by the shrilling of the crickets that have climbed into the osiers and poplars all along by the water's edge. Now and again there is a great splash in the middle of the stream, which makes one think that a fish large enough to swallow some unsuspecting Jonah of Périgord must be there in a playful mood ; but this is merely the effect upon the imagination of a sudden noise breaking in upon the monotonous sounds of the night which are so much like silence.

Lured by the freshness of the air and the serene glory of the starlit sky, I wander away down the valley to a spot where the river, all in turmoil, washes and wears away the flanks of rocks rising sheer from its bed like a wall. Looking back, I can see very distinctly the dark mass of the castle and the church by its side high above me against the sky, and every minute or so the lightning flash from a storm far away in the west brightens the sombre masonry and the rock beneath.

Centuries ago in this light, the rock, the fortress, and its church must have looked the same as now. An Englishman, who had campaigned with the Black Prince, standing where I am — the road was probably a mule track then — would have seen against the sky the very picture that sets me dreaming of the past. But the quietude of the summer night might have been disturbed by sounds that are not heard now. It is unlikely that so large a castle, containing so many men-at-

arms and officials as must have been deemed necessary to its safety and dignity, should at this early hour have been wrapped in silence more complete than that of the valley. There would surely have been some people breathing the cool air on the platform of the keep besides the watchman, some soldiers pacing the *chemin de ronde*, although peaceful days may have returned to the unlucky land of Guyenne; and the clamor of strong voices would have come down to the river. But now the castle is quiet as the rock that was beaten by the waves of a vanished sea, and those who still live in it are like the keepers of a cemetery. That *donjon*, whose dark form seems to stand amidst the stars, only serves to mark one of the many tombs of feudalism which rise above the smiling but capricious Dordogne like menhirs—monuments of older illusions—along the ocean-scalloped coast of Brittany.

Animated as Beynac became late in the afternoon, when the little society, composed of extraneous particles, met in costumes that were airy, fantastic, elementary, anything but ceremonious, to exchange civilities in the water, life on the whole was so mildly exciting that when one day a small caravan, drawn by a donkey and preceded by a young man half hidden by a great straw hat and wildly beating a drum, entered the place, there was a great and tumultuous movement of the population. Everybody wanted to know what the donkey and the young man proposed to do at Beynac. On the caravan had been painted "*Théâtre de la Gaieté*," which threw light upon the object of the intruders. The donkey drew up in front of the inn, and the excited crowd waited with ill-contained impatience to see the company of players descend from the battered travelling trunk on wheels. At length a pretty little girl of about twelve, with large and lustrous brown eyes, came out of the box. She was the company. She was in the charge of her mother, who superintended the artistic arrangements, as well as the culinary and financial, but did not venture upon the stage. The

young man looked after the donkey and the drum, and filled up his time by catching fish for the company and her mother. The stable of the *auberge* was hired for evening use as a *salle de spectacle*, and at one end a very diminutive stage was set up by means of rough planks and old pieces of carpet.

Everybody who could afford to spend a penny or twopence upon vanity and worldliness went to see the performance. It was quite a fashionable gathering. The best society were by common consent allowed to take the best seats—very hard benches; the less ambitious crowd behind, with minds fully made up not to allow themselves to be carried by enthusiasm beyond the expenditure of two sous when the plate went round; while favored children, who were not expected to pay anything, because they had nothing, climbed into the mangers, and packed themselves as close together as aphides on a rose-stalk. The stable had been carefully cleaned, but the horsey odor that belonged to it could not be swept out. This, with the bad ventilation, and a temperature almost equal to the hatching of eggs without hens, was a drawback; but the audience was in no humor to be critical. A small handbell was rung, two pieces of old carpet were drawn back, and the little girl made her bow to the audience in a costume as near to that of Mignon as she and her mother could make it. She sang "*Connais-tu le pays où fleurit l'orange?*" and other airs from the opera in a small, bird-like voice, unaccompanied by any music. For three hours the child sang, acted, and danced in the suffocating stable, lighted by two petroleum lamps. The next day I saw Mignon sitting on one of the shafts of the caravan and gnawing the "drumstick" of a fowl. The child-actress was the prop of her mother and the donkey; her talent also kept the youth, who began to agitate the nerves of Beynac with his diabolical *rataplan* hours before each performance.

One morning, soon after sunrise, the donkey, which had begun to think that this time it had really been pensioned

off, was put into the shafts, and the caravan gradually disappeared upon the white road. Then the village became quite dull again; but it was roused from its torpor by the annual *fête*. This was the chief event of the year. The peasants came in from the scattered villages and from the isolated farms lying in the midst of the chestnut woods. All the women coifed themselves with their best kerchiefs, the heads of most of the young girls being resplendent with brilliant colored silk. This coiffure resembles that of the Bordelaise, but it is not so small, nor is it folded so coquettishly. There was much love-making—sometimes exquisitely comic by its rustic *naïveté*—and there was a good deal of dancing to the maddening music of two screaming hurdy-gurdies.

At Beynac I made the acquaintance of a Frenchman, who, after angling for riches—a sport at which he lost much bait and caught nothing—turned all his attention to the fish in the Dordogne. He resolved that he would run no more risk by casting his bread upon the wider waters, but that he would make the most of what remained to him by withdrawing to some riverside nook, where his love of the unconventional, and his taste for a free life in the open air could expand, emancipated from all servitude to society, including the necessity of keeping up what is called “an appearance.”

What to my mind helps greatly to make France such a pleasant country to live in is the large amount of social liberty that one enjoys there. Except in great towns, and in those places which are thronged at certain seasons by cosmopolitan crowds, people can live as simply as they please, and they can wear anything, however cheap, or even shabby, without risk of being diminished on this account in the opinion of others. They are liked or disliked, respected or despised, as their conduct and dealings become known and judged.

The Otter—this nickname had been given to my new acquaintance by those who were jealous of his fishing skill—when he was out in his boat never wore

anything finer than corduroy trousers, a short blue jacket of the cotton material from which blouses are made, a straw hat, and *espadrilles*, into which he put his bare feet. No heavier clothing is consistent with happiness in such a climate as that of the Dordogne valley during the summer months. When, by gliding over the transparent water, which revealed the pebbles at the bottom almost in the deepest places and the shoals of fish as they passed up and down the stream, the temptation to plunge became irresistible, the blue jacket and the other garments were thrown off in a few seconds, and the fish were startled by the descent of a black head and beard, followed by the rest of that human form which Carlyle has compared to a forked radish.

Sometimes the Otter made nocturnal expeditions far up the channels of the little streams that fall into the Dordogne. Then he was after crayfish. The ordinary method of catching these crustaceæ, namely, with a piece of netting covering a small wire hoop, and baited with meat, had little charm for him. There was another, much more in keeping with his passion for movement. He would walk up the beds of the streams quite heedless of the water, holding in one hand a lantern, and having the other free to make a grab at every crayfish he might see scuttling out of harm's way over the stones or sand. As he went slowly up the narrow valleys, the gleam of his lantern through the osiers, the tall loose-strife and hemp-agrimony startled the owls, the hedgehogs, and the weasels; but not the sound of water wailing in the darkness, nor the cries of disturbed animals, nor the weird blackness of overhanging trees that hid the stars troubled his nerves. On he went, through water meadows at the bottom of gloomy little gorges, and by the fringe of the forest, until he had wandered miles away from Beynac. We very nearly met one night, both being out with the same object in view. I, however, had very little of his zeal for the sport, and was less interested by the crayfish than by the fantastic in-

distinctness of trees and shrubs and flowers, which, in the light of the stars and the lantern, seemed to belong to a world with which I was but vaguely familiar, although I had travelled all over it in dreams.

Sometimes I used to go out fishing with the Otter on the Dordogne. When the casting-net was left at home (it was of little use when the water was clear) chub-fishing with the flying-line was generally the chosen form of sport. Here I may say that my companion, who could turn his hand to anything, made his own rods from hazel sticks. Where the water was sufficiently deep the boat was rowed and steered with a single short oar, but where it was shallow much better progress could be made by punting. These are the two methods invariably used by the fishermen and ferrymen of the Dordogne, and it is astonishing with what success they can get a boat up the rapids without having recourse to the towing line. When we went chub-fishing, we took the boat a mile or so up-stream, and then let it drift down with the current near a bank that was fringed with willows and acacias. Although we needed only six inches of water, the depth was sometimes miscalculated, and we went aground on a bank of pebbles. Then the Otter, whose bare feet were always ready for such emergencies, stepped out into the sparkling current and hauled or pushed the punt over the obstacle. What with rapids and banks of pebbles, the excitement of boating on the Dordogne above Lalinde never flags. It looked very easy to throw a line with a worm on it towards the shore, and then draw it back, but the chub showed such little eagerness to be caught by me that I generally preferred to steer and watch my companion pulling them out as he stood in the prow, his face nearly hidden under the thatch of his straw hat. When the fish were in a biting humor, he had one on his hook every time he threw the line.

There are few trout in this part of the Dordogne, but in tributary streams like the charming little Céou they are plentiful. Carp are abundant, but they are

very difficult to take with the line, and even with the net, except in time of flood, when they get washed out of their holes, and the water being no longer clear, their very sharp eyes are of little use to them. Then a lucky throw will sometimes bring out two or three carp weighing three or four pounds each. The fish commonly caught are mullet, perch, barbel, gudgeon, bream and chub. As a food-supplying river, the Dordogne is one of the most valuable in France, and, owing to the rapid current and the purity of the water, the fish is of excellent quality.

The fixed belief of all the riverside people in this and other valleys is that fish should be cooked alive. You enter an inn and ask for a *friture* of gudgeon. In a few minutes you see the victims which have been pulled out of a tank with a small net on the end of a stick jumping on the kitchen table, and they are still jumping when they go into the boiling grease. I am not among those who have grown callous to such sights, common as they are in France. To see fish scraped, opened, and cooked while still alive gives me disgust for it when it afterwards appears on the table. I can imagine somebody saying: "Why look at what goes on in the kitchen?" That somebody does not quite understand what rural France is. In a country inn we invariably pass through the kitchen to reach the room set apart for guests, and it has often fallen to my lot to seek rest, shelter, and food in a poor *auberge*, where the kitchen is also the common room for the family and outsiders.

September came and I was still at Beynac, although I had found another house. The fruit season was then at its height. Peaches were sold at three sous the dozen, a good melon cost about the same sum, and figs were to be had almost for nothing. On these terms quite a mountain of fruit could be placed upon the table for half a franc. There was often no necessity to run into this extravagance, for the people at Beynac are good-natured, and they would frequently send a basket of their

earliest grapes or other fruit, and although the present might have been made by a woman with bare feet, her feelings would have been hurt had money been offered in return.

One day rather late in the month, having grown ashamed of inactivity, I carried my knapsack down to the river and put it into the Otter's smallest boat, which he called the *périssoire*, although it was not really a canoe. He was the chief builder of it, and as a contrivance for bringing home to man the solemn truth that life hangs to a thread or floats upon a plank—perhaps the worse state of the two—it certainly did him infinite credit. It was a flat-bottomed outriggered deal boat, very long, and so narrow that to look over one's shoulder in it was a manœuvre of extreme delicacy, especially where the rapids caused the water to be in wild commotion. I was told that it would go down stream like an arrow, and so it did. There was no need to row hard, for the current took the fragile skiff along with it so fast that the trees on the banks sped by as if they were running races, and every five minutes brought a change of landscape. It was very delightful; only one sensation of movement could have been better—that of flying. The water was as blue as the sky above, and over the valley, the wooded hills, and naked rocks lay the sunshine of early autumn, tender in its strength, mingling a balm with its burning. I seemed to be floating swiftly but gently down some lovely but treacherous river of enchanted land. And where is the river that lends itself better to this illusion than the Dordogne—ever charming, changing, and luring like a capricious, fascinating, and rather wicked woman? Now it flows without a sound by the forest, where the imagination places the fairy people and the sylvan deities; now it roars in the shadow of the castle-crowned and savage rock, over which the solitary hawk circles and repeats its melancholy cry; now it seems to sleep like a blue lake in the midst of a broad, fair valley, where in the sunny fields the flocks feed drowsily.

The depth of the water was as variable as the strength of the current. Sometimes I saw the stony bed seven or ten feet below, and then quite suddenly the boat would get into rushing water that sparkled with crystal clearness over a bank of pebbles, and I expected momentarily to hear a grating noise and to feel myself aground; but the little boat went over the shallows like a leaf. I passed a bank large enough to be called an island. The water had not covered it for months, and it was all thickly overgrown with persicaria, which the late summer had stained a carmine red, so that the island was all aflame. The swallows that dipped their wings in the water, the kingfishers that flew along the banks or perched on the willow stumps, and the graceful wagtails were for some miles my only river companions—excepting of course the fish, with which a treacherous current or a sunken rock might have placed me at any moment on terms of still closer intimacy. But time flew like the boat, and I soon came in sight of a charming little village whose houses with peaked roofs seemed to have been piled one upon another. Here upon stones in the water I recognized the human form supported by two bare legs, and in the posture as of a person about to take a dive, which is not perhaps very graceful, but is one that certainly lends character to the riverside scenery of France. Two or three women were rinsing their linen.

On nearing St. Cyprien the current became swifter and the turmoil of the rapids so great that I prepared my mind here to being swamped by the waves. The question whether I would abandon or try to rescue my knapsack after the wreck was distressing. The risk being over, it was with a sigh of relief that I beached the boat, now half full of water, at the nearest spot to the small town. Having moored it and given the sculls into the charge of a man whose house was close by, I was soon walking in the warm glow of the September afternoon by cottage gardens where the last flowers of summer were blooming.

The small burg of less than three

thousand inhabitants which bears the name of the African saint, was probably, like many others, much more important in the Middle Ages than it is now. In accordance with the building spirit of the past, so strongly pronounced throughout Aquitaine, and obviously inspired by a defensive motive, the houses are closely packed together on a steep hillside. A few ancient dwellings, notably one with a long exterior gallery, show themselves very picturesquely here and there. The town grew up at the foot of an abbey, of which the church still existing exhibits a massive tower that might easily be mistaken at a little distance for an early feudal keep. The lower part of this tower is Romanesque. The interior of the church is in the very simple, pointed style of the twelfth century, but the interest has suffered much from restoration. What is chiefly remarkable here is the carved oak of the reredoses and pulpit.

There being still an hour or more of daylight, I continued the ascent of the hill above the houses and the solemn old church to find a certain Château de Fâges which I knew to be somewhere in the locality. A woman working her distaff and spindle with that meditative air which the rustic spinners so often have, her bare feet slowly and noiselessly moving over the rough stones, pointed out to me a little lane that wound up the deserted hill between briars bedecked with scarlet hips, then bits of ancient wall to which ferns and moss and ivy clung; all of which brought back a train of old impressions in the waning golden light. I passed through vineyards from which the grapes had been gathered, then rose by broom and blackthorn to the level land. I looked in vain for the castle. I might have searched for it until darkness came, but for the help of a boy who was taking home a goat. At length I found it lying in a hollow, a sufficient sign that it was never a stronghold. In feudal times it was probably a small, castellated manor belonging perhaps to a knight who could not afford to build himself a *donjon* on some eminence and

to fortify it with walls; but centuries later what remained of the original structure was patched up and considerably enlarged. Now, as I saw it in the dusk, it seemed a very ghost-haunted place. The building had not fallen into ruin; it was still roofed and might easily have been made habitable; but there was no glass in the windows; all the rooms were silent with that silence so deep and sad of the long-deserted house which is not sufficiently wrecked by time and decay to have lost the pathos of human associations. The breath of the dying twilight stirred the ivy-leaves upon the wall of the detached chapel where never a person had prayed for many a year, and the goblin bats came out from the shadowy places to flutter against the pale sky. Then I felt that I had lingered long enough on this desolate spot, and the thought of the awaking hearths brightening the little town with the blaze of wood made me hasten through the heather and gorse that had grown up on the grave of many a vine.

The next morning saw me afloat again. As I was getting away from the shore a man called out to me: "Your boat is worth nothing! If you try to pass the third bridge you will go to the bottom!" He spoke very seriously, and I wished to take further counsel of him, but having once got into the current it carried me off at such a rate that while I was thinking of putting a question I was taken out of speaking distance. I shot through one of the arches of the first bridge, and soon found myself in water that was a little rough for my poor skiff. Here were the rapids again. I had been warned against these before I left the inn. There was no turning back now, and if the commotion of water had been ever so great I should have had to take my chance in it. The Otter's advice when I came to rapids was to pull as hard as I could in the middle of the current. I followed it, and my shallow boat, which had just been described as worthless, darted into the midst of the turmoil and went through it all as swift as a swallow on the wing. The river,

however, had risen considerably during the night, and the strength of the current having much increased in consequence my belief in the *périssaire's* worthiness was not sufficient to make me run the risk of being swamped at the third bridge. I therefore landed at the next one, which was close to the village of Siorac. It seemed that I had only just started from St. Cyprien, and yet I had travelled about six miles. With the help of a willing man the boat was carried to the railway station, which was not far off, and its journey home having been paid, I ceased for a while to be a waterfarer and became again a wayfarer.

E. HARRISON BARKER.

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WHO WAS ADELAÏDA?

THE TRUE STORY OF A LOVE-SONG.

BY MRS. PEREIRA.

It has somewhere been remarked—whether in jest or earnest, who can tell?—that the writer of an essay on any given theme should approach his subject from the most distant possible point, and reach his goal by a gradual association of ideas which might at first sight appear irrelevant.

We shall take this axiom *au sérieux*, and, in order to arrive at the climax of the simple but deeply pathetic life-story of the great tone-poet's heroine (than whom no heroine was ever more nobly, sweetly sung), we shall go back nearly two hundred years, and link with our slight narrative the name of one of the most distinguished and, at the same time, eccentric personalities that have adorned the pages of post-mediæval German history.

Not many miles from Dessau is a certain village called Mosigkau, *anglicé* Mossy Mead, which owes whatever distinction it possesses to the fine adjacent park, bearing the same name as this little rural hamlet; for the park of Mosigkau contains a handsome château, surrounded by lovely gardens and extensive grounds, the aristocratic asylum

of sundry patrician but dowerless single ladies. Benevolent institutions of this kind are not uncommon in Germany, and the *Damenstift* offers a dignified and stately refuge to many a step-daughter of Fortune who would otherwise be forced to eat the bitter bread of dependence doled out by the unwilling hands of those, perhaps, but one degree less needy than herself. Each of these little communities is ruled over by a lady abbess, and has its "canonesses" and its "chapter" days, after the style of some religious order. But in the daily routine the secular element predominates; and where the abbess is a woman of refined and cultivated mind the intellectual life finds a kindly and congenial sphere for its development.

The *Stift* at Mossy Mead was founded some century and a half ago, and is indirectly indebted for its existence to Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, the friend and companion-in-arms of Frederick William I. of Prussia, and a notable member of the renowned Tobacco Parliament. Varnhagen von Ense, upon whose biography of the "Old Dessauer" Carlyle so largely drew for the portrait which has rendered that worthy a familiar figure to the English reader, informs us that the house of Dessau contributed field-marshal to the Prussian army for three successive generations; but Leopold, the centre of the group, towers far above his father on the one hand, and the son, to whom he bequeathed his bâton, on the other. The story of Leopold's life, apart from its military significance, reads like the strangest medley of romance and whimsicality; and it has furnished both poet and dramatist with abundant subjects for the exercise of their genius.

From earliest boyhood Leopold had manifested a stormy, turbulent disposition, and he had hardly attained to manhood when it was judged expedient to send him on a protracted tour, chiefly with the object of separating him from the apothecary's daughter, the lovely Anna Louise Föhse, who had gained his affection in the early days of boyhood. While on his travels,

and in one of his paroxysms of maniacal rage, he threatened his chamberlain, M. de Chalesac, with a pistol. His finger was already on the trigger.

"Dog!" he raved; "now will I kill you."

"Do so," was the steadfast reply; "only first consider how this fine achievement will one day figure in the annals of the illustrious princes of Anhalt."

Rather a ponderous speech under the circumstances, but it had a salutary effect. The weapon dropped from the hand of the abashed youth, who acknowledged the magnitude of the crime he had been on the point of committing, and besought De Chalesac's forgiveness.

But he was not always so fortunate in having a mentor at hand to save him from himself. Returned to Dessau, he repaired one evening to the apothecary's to visit his beloved; when, passing the window of the room in which she happened to be, he beheld her in close conversation with a young man, apparently a stranger. Filled with suspicion and jealousy, Leopold drew his sword, rushed into the apartment, and, pursuing his supposed rival into an adjoining chamber, stabbed him to the heart. He learned when all too late that his victim was a near relative of the Föhse family, and that he had just returned home from abroad. So great was the horror produced in the popular mind by this dreadful occurrence, that when, a hundred years later, a gravestone was turned up in a churchyard at Dessau bearing the murdered man's name and a Latin inscription setting forth the circumstances of his death, the slab was at once reburied as a relic too terrible to be exposed to the public gaze.

It might have been imagined that the prince's mistake and its fatal consequences would have cooled the ardor of the lovers; but no sooner had Leopold received from his mother, hitherto princess regent, the reins of government than he married the apothecary's daughter; notmorganatically, for if he had been satisfied with such a compro-

nise, the robust integrity of his *bourgeoise* bride would have rebelled against it, but publicly and solemnly, in the face of all the outraged courts of Europe, and in the teeth of his mother's strenuous opposition. Nor was it long before he obtained a patent of the Empire declaring his consort of equal rank with himself, and securing the succession to her children. The marriage was a most felicitous one, and Leopold's advisers might have vainly sought among the ducal and princely houses of Germany for a bride who would prove herself as loving, faithful, and judicious a wife as his beloved "*Annalise*."

Stern and rugged as a soldier Leopold continued all through life; and it is difficult to reconcile the features of his martial career, with those of his domestic life and character. In many points he seems to have resembled that still more enigmatical personage, his Majesty of Prussia himself. Like that monarch he also was pious after his fashion; he diligently attended the services of the established Lutheran Church, and his religious emotions found vent in the lusty and stentorian singing of the chorales there in use — of the *words* of the chorales, be it said, for, alas! Leopold was master of but one tune — the "*Dessauer March*" — and to that much-loved melody he fitted every metre, whether short or long, common or peculiar, to the great discomfiture of his fellow-worshippers.

Then, in his notions of discipline and its enforcement, he was not unlike the great Frederick's father. As an example of this we are told of an incident that happened at an inspection or review. As he watched the manoeuvres his eye chanced to fall upon a couple of bandsmen whose instruments amid the brazen din were mute. With the flaming glance of sudden wrath he demanded the reason of their silence.

"Serene Highness," was the trembling reply, "we have ten bars' rest."

"Rest, sirrah! I'll teach you to rest when you are on duty," and down came the ever-ready cane on the shoulders of the luckless musicians.

Of Leopold's tenderness as a father many stories are on record; but none more pathetic than that which recounts his march from Halle at the request of his dying daughter, the reigning Princess Louise of Bernberg, who desired to see her father once more at the head of his regiment. Into the courtyard of the palace at Bernberg filed the soldiers, and a pallid face looked down from a window while the warrior-prince sobbed out the words of command. When the parade was ended the sorrowing father dismissed his men, but he could not trust himself to ascend to the sick-chamber. He wandered on to the bridge which spans the river Saal, and there was overheard to pray with streaming tears, in words well known, but too unconventional to be quoted here, for the life which even then was ebbing fast away. But a very few days more, and the eyes which had looked with such loving pride upon the military display, were closed in death, and the regiment, with Leopold at its head, marched back to Halle in drear, funereal silence.

Years, however, before the evening shadows began to fall around the princely household, we have glimpses of happy family life, hardly to have been looked for when we remember upon what volcanic soil the fabric of that happiness had been raised. One day shines out with especial significance. It was glorious autumn weather, and the courtyard of the palace at Dessau was full of stir and movement. A face, not pale and moribund, but serene in matronly beauty and contentment, was watching from a window, till the merry rattle of drums and flourish of trumpets announced the return from the forest of a gay and noble hunting party. As the prince rode in beneath the portal, with a greeting to his waiting consort, a pretty child, the Princess Wilhelmina, escaped from her mother's side and ran down to meet her father. A sprig of oak, the cognizance of Dessau, adorned the prince's hunting-cap, and the little Wilhelmina begged it for a plaything. The hunt had been successful, and Leopold was in right jous

vein. Bending down, he placed the spray in his young daughter's hand, and then and there conferred upon her the estate from whence it came — that of Mosigkau, or Mossy Mead. It was a princely gift, the value of which the child was far too young to understand; but as years went by and Wilhelmina grew to stately womanhood, a purpose shaped itself within her mind, nor was it long before this purpose began to take a concrete form.

A portion of the forest of Mossy Mead was marked out and enclosed. The foundations of a spacious mansion were dug, and the inhabitants of the neighboring village concluded that the princess was about to build for herself a summer palace. As the walls rose in lofty grandeur the surrounding land was skilfully laid out, until, in process of time, a graceful château stood complete, amid lawn and flower-bed, shady alleys, broad terraces, and solemn groves. Statues were introduced at various points in the landscape, some of them, as the "*Ganymede*," possessing rare artistic beauty.

The mansion was furnished under the supervision of the princess, who took the keenest interest in every detail; and costly oil paintings and other objects of art found a home within the noble suites of rooms.

But it was not for herself that Wilhelmina had caused this structure to be raised. Mossy Mead formed but a portion of her inheritance, and with a part of her revenues from other sources, she endowed her new creation on a scale so munificent as to enable her to place there six noble ladies, like herself unmarried, under the rule of an *Abtissin*, or abbess, to which office she nominated her own niece, a daughter of her eldest brother, who had died young.

The institution became a hobby of this princess of Dessau, and she fostered and cherished it, lavishing much time and thought upon its welfare and embellishment. Antiquated *fautouils* are still shown in the state apartments, displaying faded embroideries wrought by the fingers of Wilhelmina and her ladies of honor; while the endowment

has prospered so well as to admit, at the present day, of an increase in the number of its canonesses.

As generation succeeded generation, the *Stift* at Mossy Mead continued to enjoy the countenance and patronage of the Dessau family, and we hear of occasional dramatic entertainments given by its certainly mundane-minded chapter, in which performances high members of the ducal court disdained not to take an active part.

About the year 1838 the office of abbess was filled by a lady who had been a subordinate member of the little community for nearly forty years. She was a woman of great intellectual refinement and culture, and her noble features still bore traces of the remarkable beauty which had once been hers. Her bearing was dignified, almost austere; but the costume which she affected was so singular as to arouse in the minds of the simple rustics a suspicion that the queenly lady who acknowledged their humble salutations with such majestic grace was, nevertheless, a little crazy; the usual solution in the bucolic mind of any peculiarity for which its sapience fails to account. The ladies of Mossy Mead, it seems, wear no distinctive garb, but merely on high days don the badge of their order: a silver star and spray of oak, suspended by an azure riband; and this lady had chosen to retain the fashion in vogue when, at the age of twenty, she had bidden adieu to youth and all its hopes, and enrolled herself among the sisterhood of Mosigkau.

A passionate lover of poetry, as of music, she would often resort to a pavilion within the grounds to con the masterpieces of the German Muse; and the young aspirant to literary fame would find in her an ever-sympathetic listener. Wilhelm Müller, the poet of the Grecian lays, to whom, in the presence of his still more illustrious son of world-wide fame, his native town but a year or so ago unveiled a statue, was among the visitors to Mosigkau, and a tender friendship subsisted between this ardent spirit and the grave, reserved woman already in the autumn of life. An-

other poet, too—but we anticipate. Müller sank into a premature grave, nor was he the only one whom the abbess was called upon to mourn as “gone before,” when she might reasonably have looked forward to his society to cheer her later years. One by one this solitary woman had seen her friends drop away from her path, and at the age of sixty she walked among the glades and terraces of Mosigkau almost as much alone as if she had really been transplanted from an older century into the midst of one that was to her wholly new and strange.

One link with her old life still remained. Prince George of Dessau, brother of the reigning Duke of Anhalt, together with hismorganatic wife, took a deep interest in the institutions founded by his ancestress, and this amiable couple paid frequent visits to Mossy Mead and to its abbess. The Dessau family was famous for *mésalliances*, so called from a State point of view; but the Countess Reina was a lady of distinguished beauty and high character, well worthy of the position which she should have occupied. Times had changed, however, since the days of Leopold and the apothecary's fair daughter; and Prince George, finding that there was no place for his consort at his brother's court, turned his back upon it, and settled at Dresden as a simple nobleman, nor does it appear that he ever regretted his self-imposed abasement. The abbess in her early days had held a post in the household of the intellectual Princess Louise of Dessau; and it was on her return from a summer tour in the suite of her patroness that the beautiful maid of honor entered the community of Mossy Mead. The reason of her sudden retirement from court life had been known to but few, and the very fact was soon forgotten; and at the time of which we are now writing the Princess Louise had long been dead, and new faces, new interests had taken the place of old ones. But the closed book of the past was to be reopened by a sudden and unlooked-for touch.

It was a gala evening at Mossy Mead.

The state apartments were thrown open, and invitations had been sent by the abbess to guests from far and near, at the head of whom were Prince George and his youthful countess. A concert was the occasion of this brilliant assembly; a concert to celebrate the opening of a fine chamber-organ which had just been placed in the chapter-room, and several eminent musicians, not only from Dessau but from Dresden, were to be the chief performers.

The prince led the abbess to her place, the organ was disclosed to view, and the concert began. No need to comment on its details; all would long ere this have been forgotten but for the incident which marked its close. The last number upon the programme was a song by the leading tenor of the Dresden Opera. It received a rapturous *encore*, and the singer, after a moment's hesitation, once more stepped forward, and made a sign to the accompanist. Then, amid deepest silence, the first notes of Beethoven's wonderful song rose upon the air. Never had those strains been more exquisitely rendered. The audience seemed spell-bound. But when the singer breathed the last low, lingering, passionate appeal, "*Adelaida*," all eyes were turned upon the abbess. She sat with head bent forward, motionless, almost rigid. Those nearest sprang to her support, for they believed her to be smitten with some sudden illness. But with a resolute effort, she recovered herself. Rising to her full height, with more than her wonted dignity, she thanked the vocalist who had furnished so glorious a finale to the concert. A smile was on her countenance, a smile of proud, triumphant joy, such as none remembered ever to have seen there. The faded features were transfigured. And then, by a flash of intuition, the singer, and those around him, recognized the never once suspected truth; never once suspected during all those forty years. That ancient, old-world lady, who seemed to have halted and stood still upon the threshold of the century, had suddenly assumed a new and star-

ling aspect, for the magic of imagination, which can in a moment's space obliterate the trace of years, had banished each deeply graven furrow, to picture her as once more the lovely, graceful maiden, the ornament of a court, the idol of a poet's dream, the beloved, the adored, the broken-hearted *Adelaida*!

Long years ago, in the "one golden summer" of her young life, and during that tour amid the grandeur of Swiss scenery, the maid of honor had been brought into close association with the poet, Friedrich Matthisson, who then held the appointment of reader to the princess. He was many years older than the enthusiastic girl, for such she was in years; but he was a poet; and the pair were surrounded by everything in nature that could foster and refine the purest, most exalted sentiment. They loved, and their mutual devotion formed an idyl of sweetest, most idealized romance. Matthisson poured out the riches of his genius at the high-souled maiden's feet, and she dreamed that she was in Elysium.

But this romance, like most others of its kind, was destined to a sadly prosaic ending. *Adelaida*, or *Annette von Glafey*,¹ was of noble birth; her lover was a poor pastor's son. Once more in Dessau, and face to face with the harsh realities of life, the maid of honor was summoned to hear the doom of her happiness spoken by the lips of her relentless father: "Marriage in your own rank, or retirement to *Mosigkau*."

Annette quickly made her choice; and she went at once from the sunshine of youth and glowing hope into the chill twilight of unhoping, joyless existence, in which resignation, merging into calm contentment, was the highest prize that could ever crown the wearied victor after years of bitterest conflict. Subsequent events gave to that conflict a still keener, deeper pang; for the patent of nobility, the lack of which in her lover had debarred Annette from happiness, was at last

¹ *Adelaida* was Matthisson's own name for *Fräulein von Glafey*, and it was chosen by him on account of its first two syllables, *Adel*, meaning noble.

conferred, but too late. Years had rolled by, and Matthisson had found another bride. Long before the date of the incident which forms the climax of this story he also was numbered with those "gone before."

According to the rules of graceful fiction, that incident should have been quickly followed up by a striking catastrophe, and the abbess should have expired with the last strains of the love-song still faintly echoing in her ears. But tragedies of this kind seldom happen in real life; and for fully twenty years after that revelation in the concert-room at Mosigkau, which caused a momentary sensation and then was soon forgotten, the abbess lived on, ruling her little community, caring for the

poor, and bravely bearing the burthen of each day. It was not until 1858 that the welcome summons came; and when the remains of the octogenarian lady were borne away amid the tolling of bells to their final resting-place in the family vault at Dessau, many tears were shed by the poor and needy for the benefactress who would minister to their wants no more. But few, if any, among them know that the massive coffin hid the mortal form of her who, more than sixty years ago, had inspired some of the noblest creations of a poet's genius, and furnished the monarch of composers with a theme which would have alone sufficed to make his name and fame immortal.

RECREATION FOR MIDDLE AGE. — Mere walking exercise, although it is invaluable, hardly fulfils the idea of perfect recreation. Sir James Paget says "good active recreations" ought to include "uncertainties, wonders, and opportunities for the exercise of skill in something different from the regular work." The present writer is always longing for cricket in the summer, and football or hockey in the winter and spring. But he cannot find a man anywhere above forty years of age who will agree with him. Why should the literary man, the doctor, and the stockbroker or the merchant not play cricket after forty-five? What is to become of his dinner hour is it asked? If a better luncheon were taken at midday, and a lighter dinner at six in the evening, there is no reason whatever why a man of forty-five, and up to sixty-five or seventy, should not be in the cricket-field at half past seven and play briskly until nine or half past. An hour and a half at cricket after a light dinner would make middle-aged men so young that they would not know themselves. Writers would write twice as brilliantly, and business men would be cleverer and keener by half. As it is the average middle-aged Englishman of the professional and business

classes grows fatter, wheezier, more pompous, and more dull and uninteresting every year of his life. To get a laugh out of him is impossible; to crack a joke at his expense is to commit the unpardonable sin. "Poor old porpoise," as somebody has called him. His innocent pleasures have vanished with his youth, and "he has nothing now left to live for but his respectability; his solemn respectability, and his money-bags." The contrast between the youthful Englishman and his middle-aged parent is sometimes startling. The former is all life and fun; the latter is a moving mountain of ponderosity and fat. It is all for want of outdoor exercise and recreation. Twenty-five years ago the solemn father of to-day was the fun-loving son of a middle-aged father. If anybody had then shown him in a prophetic mirror the figure he would cut at the end of a quarter of a century he would have committed suicide in sheer vexation and disgust. But all this rotundity, wheeziness, irritability of temper, incapacity for work, and general disgust with life and all things in it can be cured, cured easily, and cured forever; and the cure for the vast majority of cases is one or two hours' daily exercise and recreation in the open air.

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